



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 33 – Number 12

April 2016

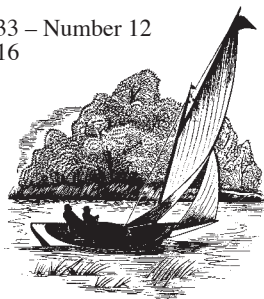
**Special Features This Issue**  
Tales of the Butte – Not Just Boating  
Opening Day of Yachting Season  
Further Notes on Buoyancy  
The Nesting Expedition Dinghy



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Back in January an email arrived here introducing me to a new online small boat magazine of truly impressive scale. Here is the logo that came up when I opened up the pdf (gotta love this!):



I suppose that many of you are familiar with the format that an online magazine can take, but for those who are not I will say that what appeared was not a long scrolled-down series of succeeding pages but something resembling an actual magazine which, upon my undertaking to “turn the pages” actually did so. Upon my reaching the end of the right hand facing page and ready to move on, that page turned across the left hand page to reveal the next two. And on it went, for no less than 132 pages in this February (the second) issue, loaded with interesting articles, photos and plans drawings. I was impressed.

Wondering how I came to be the recipient of this latest effort at celebrating the charms of small boats and boating, I inquired and the Publisher & Editor, Designer, Production & Advertising Manager and Tea Boy, Richard Palmer, replied in part:

“BBM grew out of disillusionment with the state of boat building and the spirit of general adventure amongst my fellow Britons, to think we were the nation that produced Drake, MacGregor and Shackleton! This and the increasingly expensive cost of getting on the water were beginning to get up my nose.” He went on to point out that his intended readership was worldwide and that the magazine would not be exclusively full of ‘Britishisms.’

The March issue, swollen now to 160 pages, arrived shortly before I got around to writing this “Commentary” and proved his claim to worldwide inputs. Two features struck home with me, one about Platt Monfort’s Geodesic boat designs and a second about Jordan Wood Boats’ designs and boat building.

I knew Platt before I started *MAIB* and featured his work in an early 1985 issue. Platt had been a long time advertising supporter and his widow Betty continues to be with us still offering his plans (see page 53). The Monfort story in *BBM* was written by Platt himself in 2002 and runs for ten pages! At that time I never saw Platt’s biographical tale, he probably figured our readers at that time already knew all about him from prior exposure on our pages.

Warren Jordan has been a long time advertising supporter also (see page 53 also). The *BBM* article also runs ten pages and features Warren’s “Footloose” sailing dinghy design, lots of closeup detail photos and much detail discussion. *BBM* certainly does not stint on space for its chosen subjects. David has freely offered to share articles from *BBM* with us and I will inquire if Warren is agreeable to us reprinting this.

Of course, you can see it all in living color in *BBM*. Just google Barnacle Bill Magazine and click on the several choices and look around. If you decide to follow up on this looksee, try out their three issue trial subscription at: <http://barnacle-bill-magazine.myshopify.com/products/3-month-trial-digital-subscription>.

The Hexham Publishing Co is Richard’s business name and he acknowledges that right now it has only a single employee, himself. This, of course, resonated with me for here I am viewing the beginning stages of a small boat publishing saga much as mine was 34 years ago. Richard states he has 40 years of boating behind him, I had only three or four. He is jumping into the far larger publishing environment offered by the internet with all of its ability to reach out to potential readers and its freedom from the burdens and expenses of printing and mailing.

The internet already offers a lot of information on small boating, much more than was in print when I began. Our friends at *Duckworks Magazine* have been covering this game online for some time, for example. A number of small craft groups are now offering their newsletters/journals online as well as in print. What I particularly liked about *BBM* was the broader viewpoint Richard is offering, including wide ranging historical perspective.

It’s great to see such enthusiasm and energy adding much to our accumulating information about our favorite subject. I recall having such drive back in 1983, they were heady days making a dream come true. Having experienced it all, I do not envy those like Richard getting underway today. After now 33 years, and fully aware of my own advanced years, I am content to carry on with *MAIB* as it exists, an undertaking I can still handle, and then sit back and enjoy these new efforts of the coming era.

## In This Issue...

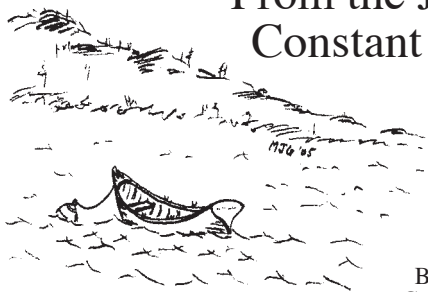
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## On the Cover...

Dan Rogers’ ongoing saga, “The Birthing of *Miss Kathleen*,” climaxed on Groundhog Day in Almostcanada when his winter handiwork hit the water at its “official” launching. Dan and his cronies never felt the need to be in Florida to get on the water. His tale of the final days to launch date begins on page 22.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

Well, *MoonWind* finally took the plunge this Thursday. After five months on the hard after three years at large she was getting restless. It grieved me to see her squirm to get free of her poppets to no avail.

"Why am I up here? What have I done that was so bad?" she asked.

What could I tell her? "After three years in the drink," I told her, "I need to check your bottom."

"Hmmpfh!" she said. "I bet you tell all the girls that."

Nevertheless, I began by mending her keel (I told you not to play on that rocky beach, Lass). A bit of glass cloth, a bit of matting, a bit of resin, a bit of epoxy undercoat and several fifty grit sanding pads and all was pretty once more. Only two coats of ablative bottom paint had worn away of the four she had started with three years ago. Except for a couple of minor abrasions, the indicator coat and the next above it were basically intact. Two more coats ensure she won't need to visit the hard for at least three, maybe even four, more years.

Life on the hard leaves much to be desired. Those fair winter days that punctuate the solemnity ever entice *MoonWind's* venturesome nature. Off we go to visit the seals or follow the slant of light to its pale lair. But I'm wandering from the point of the present story.

As soon as I'd finished ministering to *MoonWind's* curvaceous bottom, I climbed aboard and tended to her brightwork. Much as I admire brightwork on boats, no one knows better the endless travail to make it appear pristine. After eight coats of spar varnish, my grab rails and hatch surrounds reflected the April sun. My drop boards glowed after dark.

Then I did what I'd threatened these past five years and purchased two decals proclaiming *MoonWind* and glued them to her quarters. Their copper color contrasts nicely with her hunter green hull. *MoonWind* was so proud of herself and strained so hard to look over her shoulder to admire her new decals that she nearly fell off her poppets. Ah, the vanity of little sailboats! Now hold still, my girl, while I wax your hull.

I then reeved new halyards, replaced my anchor light and polished my mast. I opened the hood of my pickup truck, connected my jumper cables to the battery, and tested all the light fixtures on my mast. I spoke sweetly to my outboard motor and stroked her till she purred. I changed both fuel filters, cleaned the oil filter, changed the oil and lower end grease, and sanded the anode clean.

I rigged some dock lines, slung my new fenders over the side, and smiled at the yard crew. These amiable fellows lifted *MoonWind* gently off her poppets and lowered her ever so easily into the harbor. I have to admit I actually watched her wiggle her toes in the water.

Then we stepped her mast. Aside from the lazy jacks finding themselves on the wrong side of the starboard shrouds, everything went well. I even remembered to shut all the through-hull fittings and connect the hoses.

The outboard started as soon as I admired its starting button. I backed out of the lift slip and motored slowly round the end of "B" pier and down to slip #46. Here I secured for the weekend while I finished rigging and wiring. Monday I go on my mooring. Meanwhile, I need to empty *MoonWind* and scrub her every inch. I need to restrung the VHF cable from the mast to my radio, aft. I need to connect all my mast lights, scrub my water tank, and top off the electrolyte in my battery. A real sailor's work is seldom done. Cleaning the bilge with my toothbrush merely prepares for stowing the tons of gear I need to convince my boat that I take her seriously.

For, after all, the point to all this nonsense is to sail off into the sunset, so whatever I do, don't forget my sunglasses.

(Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman, Author and Illustrator, (860) 912-5886, [matthew@constantwaterman.com](mailto:matthew@constantwaterman.com). To view and purchase my books and cards please visit <http://www.constantwaterman.com>)



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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Schooner *Sultana* in St Michaels in May

The schooner *Sultana* will be dockside at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, beginning Saturday, May 14 and continuing through Wednesday, May 25. The *Sultana* will be open for boarding to all museum guests from 2-5pm on Saturday, May 21, and again on Sunday, May 22 from 12n to 2pm. The dockside tours are free for museum members or with general admission.

While at CBMM, *Sultana* will be hosting under sail Environmental Science programs for Talbot County Public School's fifth grade students. These same students will also participate in land based programs with CBMM staff and volunteers. *Sultana* serves as an on the water classroom for learning about the history and environment of the Chesapeake Bay. An almost exact replica of a British schooner that patrolled the North American coast just prior to the American Revolution, *Sultana* provides day long programs as well as live-aboard programs for participants.



### CBMM Model Skipjack Races

Model skipjack races begin at 11am on May 15 at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum opening a series continuing on select Sundays through October 16. The radio controlled sailing races are organized by the museum's Model Sailing Club, which meets regularly throughout the year to build and race these models. Subsequent race dates include June 12, July 17, August 21 and October 16, with the public invited to watch from 10am to 2pm from the museum's Fogg's Cove waterfront. The club races 48" models of these two sailed bateaux built from scratch from plans sold by the club at the Museum Store. Started in 1983 as the St Michaels Model Boat Club, CBMM's Model Sailing Club continues today through its many members and volunteers. To learn more about the races, or to join the club, visit [www.cbmm.org](http://www.cbmm.org) or contact Commodore Gary Nylander at [gnylander@atlanticbb.net](mailto:gnylander@atlanticbb.net).



### Urbanna Small Boat Meet May 21-22

We're back on the Piankatank River at Freeport in Gloucester County, Virginia. Informal messabout with optional rowing and sailing races depending on the wind and whim of participants. Limited primitive camping available. Arrival Friday pm OK. Saturday night potluck supper and barbeque. Sunday is on the water until mid afternoon. Hauling out on a gorgeous Sunday afternoon. In 2015 the third generation was well represented. Let's see who and what 2016 brings. For more information call John or Vera England at (804) 758-2721, [mama5england@hotmail.com](mailto:mama5england@hotmail.com).



### Richardson Featured at Model Boat Show

This year's 40th Midwest Model Ship and Boat contest will be held at the Wisconsin Maritime Museum in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, on May 20-22. The featured boat will be the Richardson.

More info at [www.wisconsinmaritime.org](http://www.wisconsinmaritime.org).



### Classic Boat Show and Small Craft Festival

The 35th annual boat show at the Michigan Maritime Museum will be held afloat and on shore in conjunction with South Haven's HarborFest on June 18. Classic and traditional small craft, row, paddle, sail and motor will be featured throughout the day as well as toy boat building for kids. The US Coast Guard Motor Life Boat *USCG 36460 MLB* and a 1929 Chris Craft Cadet, *Pouf*, have been added to the Museum's on the water exhibits. *USCG 36460 MLB* was used

as the featured rescue boat in the recently released Disney film, *The Finest Hours*. For more boat show information and registration forms, contact the museum at 260 Dyckman Ave (at the bridge), South Haven, Michigan 49090, (269) 637-8078 or go to [www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org](http://www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org).

Questions to boat show coordinator, Sandy Bryson at [sbryson@msu.edu](mailto:sbryson@msu.edu).



Photo credit: J. Nickerson



Photo credit: Jeff Shook

## Information Wanted...

### Snowboats

Iceboats (on skates) are well known but it's rare for conditions to be good for their use. When I used to live by the Parker River near Plum Island Sound on the northeastern coast of Massachusetts, they were never useful, what with the tide flowing and all. Now I live beside the Bay of Quinte, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. The ice is nice and thick despite this winter being relatively mild, but there is a lot of snow on top of it and the surface is not smooth. It seems to me that one could replace the skates of an iceboat with skis and make a snowboat, not so fast as an iceboat, but fast enough to make it fun. But I have never ever heard tell of snowboats or skiboats. Does anybody know why not?

Peter Jepson, Ameliasburgh, ON

## This Magazine...

### Appreciates "Bolger on Design"

So glad the "Phil Bolger & Friends on Design" continues to be a feature of the magazine. The four Bolger designs that I've built and used, the Tortoise, 11' Pirogue (for paddling), Yellow Leaf and Windsprint have made me a real fan of Bolger designs. The more I used the boats, the more I appreciated them. Now we see the Gadabout, another great design. Looks like an amazingly versatile boat for many purposes. All those photographs are much appreciated.

Arthur Strock, Great Meadows, NJ



When Douglas Brooks told two of Japan's respected maritime historians that he planned to work side by side with Japanese traditional wooden boat builders, they thought he would be wasting his time. These craftsmen, intent on keeping certain techniques secret, left plans purposely incomplete, relying on memory and sketches drawn on planks. There was, therefore, no adequate documentation and historians want documentation.

But Brooks, already a skilled boat builder, noted restorer, researcher and writer, wanted to write about shaping, bending, fitting and nailing. His book, he says, "is about driving nails." Like Adney and Chappelle's classic, *The Bark Canoes and Skinboats of North America*, Brooks' book preserves the fascinating ways ancient craft were built. The author, however, going beyond Adney and Chappelle, illuminates the lives, personalities and environs of practicing builders.

Brooks' interest began in 1990. While visiting a friend in Japan, he met his first of several traditional wooden boat builders and later on several others, none of whom had apprentices. Realizing that the skills these men had developed would soon vanish, Brooks wanted to learn as much as he could. Fifteen years and 17 trips to Japan later, he had accumulated the folk knowledge sufficient to produce this beautiful 281 page, 8.5"x11" volume packed with useful drawings and superb color photographs.

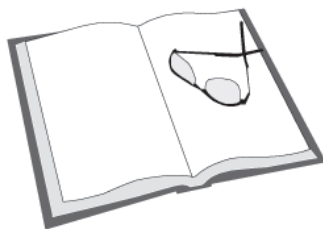
The author first describes design, measurement, layout, workshops, tools, wood, fitting, fastening, propulsion, ceremonies and apprenticeship. We learn that the traditional Japanese workshop looks, as Brooks puts it, "like a storage place or a barn" and that there are no or few workbenches, horses or large power tools. Hand tools are hung on the walls. Lovers of Japanese tools and joinery will especially enjoy the discussions of large and small pull saws, chisels, planes and sharpening stones.

If, like me, some readers get a kick out finding ways to do things simply with few tools, they will like to see, for instance, how builders gauge bevels with just a plumb bob, a straight stick and a square. Similarly, these readers will like Brooks' discussion of hand-made wooden planes, including the waki-tori, designed to carve a convex curve on the inside face of a plank.

Here we find a world where braided bamboo hoops bind the vertical planks of the Taribune, a barrel like tub boat, cousin of the currach. These simple, inexpensive craft, equipped with a rock for counterbalance, a sight box for spotting fish and a sculling paddle or a small motor, allow the fishers and seaweed harvesters to work the rock strewn coast of remote Sado Island.

Readers will see photos and read about the flat bottom Bekabune, whose beams look to the western eye like thwarts installed on edge. It took a while for this reader to remember that people who still know how to squat do not need seats. The beefy beams of this 14' fishing boat eliminate the need for frames, which are rarely used in Japanese wooden boats.

The fitting and fastening of planks will also catch this reader's eye. After the sawing and planing, builders kerf saw adjacent planks. Inserting small wedges to prevent binding, they employ increasingly thinner bladed saws. Glue may or may not be used. Once the planks fit tightly, builders drive nails into mortises that slant inwards toward



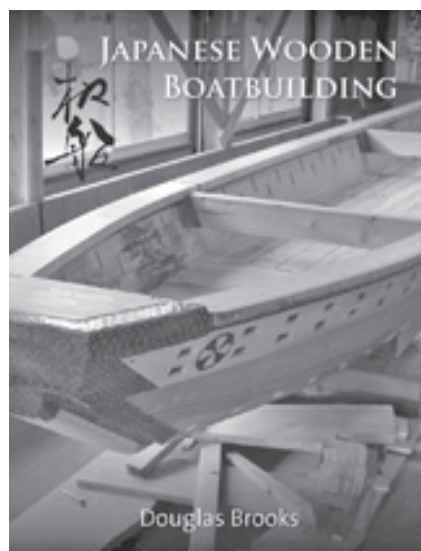
## Book Review

### Japanese Wooden Boatbuilding

By Douglas Brooks

320pp, 8.5"x11" Hardcover  
378 Color photos, 36 Drawings, Map, Notes  
Bibliography, Glossary/Index of Boatbuilding  
Terms and Regional Usages  
Boatbuilding/Woodworking/Japanese crafts  
ISBN 978-1-891640-63-6  
\$75 + \$10 postage to the continental US

Reviewed by Hilary Russell



the edge of the adjacent plank. Then they insert ingenious trapezoidal plugs that are dovetailed and tapered. As the grain of each plug runs perpendicular to the grain of the plank, the joint, once wet, becomes water tight without needing glue.

Using great detail and crisp, apt color photography, Brooks brings us into the shops of five different builders of traditional craft and takes us through five constructions all the way to the ceremonial launchings. Brooks' final chapter introduces us to Tomenoshin Niinuma, the "last shipwright." Mr Tomenoshin has worked since 1990 to build four bezaisens, magnificent, once common sailing cargo vessels.

On one level *Japanese Wooden Boatbuilding* is a how it's done book. On another, it's a memoir full of complicated, brilliant, well wrought characters plus plenty of narrative and local color. It's also a travel adventure book and a story about an American couple who grew and learned as they entered and took part in an world almost lost.

### The Author Comments

This is the story of my apprenticeships with Japanese masters to build five unique and endangered traditional boats. It is part ethnography, part instruction and part my personal reflections on preserving a craft tradition on the brink of extinction. Over the course of 17 trips to Japan, I have traveled over 30,000 miles to seek out and interview Japan's elderly master boat builders. I built boats with five of them, all in their 70s and 80s, between 1996 and 2010. For most of them, I was their sole and last apprentice.

Part I introduces significant aspects of traditional Japanese boat building: design, workshop and tools, wood and materials, joinery and fastenings, propulsion, ceremonies and the apprenticeship system.

Part II details each of my five apprenticeships, concluding with a poignant chapter on Japan's sole remaining traditional shipwright. This book, the first comprehensive treatment of the subject, fills a large and long standing gap in the literature on Japanese crafts, and will be of interest to boat builders, woodworkers and all those impressed with the marvels of Japanese design and workmanship.



The bekabune, or seaweed gathering boat that the author built with Mr. Nobuji Udagawa in 2001.



Fujiwara - The chokkibune, an Edo-era water taxi, built by the author and Mr. Kazuyoshi Fujiwara in Tokyo in 2002.

Xhimaiagi - The author and Mr. Seizo Ando of Aomori Prefecture built this traditional fishing boat in 2003.







Group coming out of the mangrove tunnels.



Randy Webster and his Nutshell pram.



Steve Deming's Wee Lassie transporter...



...Wee Lassie afloat.

Lee Conrad and Adirondack Guide Boat.



6 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2016

## FGCTSCA Outing at Emerson Point

From Dave Lucas

The Florida Gulf Coast TSCA group met at Emerson Point Preserve in Palmetto, Florida, on Saturday, January 16. The day was beautiful and sandwiched between two rather unusual Florida days (Friday and Sunday) when gale force winds were unfavorable for being out on the water.

Steve came from home in his boat with the canoe inside. He took these pictures of you guys playing in the perfect weather. I was there also briefly to drop off the FGCTSCA banner and see how long the trip takes from my house on the Braden River in my new high speed commuter *Lurly ne*. It took 45 minutes running at 4,000rp



Judith Powers and Cooper in Tom Hill 16' canoe/row boat.



Betsy Ilfeld and Old Town kayak.



Richard Ilfeld and strip built kayak of his own design



Ron and Joyce Hoddinott in their We-No-Nah kevlar canoe.

Rex Payne and Chesapeake 16.





Florida Gulf Coast TSCA  
Emerson Point Preserve  
January 16, 2016



*"There is nothing----absolutely nothing----half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats...or with boats....In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter." From Wind in the Willows, Kenneth Graham*

Welcome to the Florida Gulf Coast Chapter of  
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Our members are interested in boatbuilding, messabouts,  
rowing, paddling, sailing, techniques, equipment  
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# Tales of the Butte

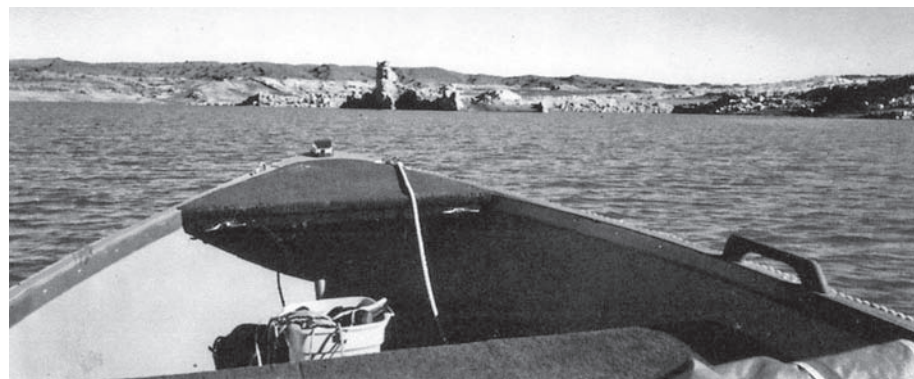
By J.J. Bohnaker

I've been a sailor for most of my years and have written about it in these pages before yet, like most readers of *MAIB*, I'm fond of all kinds of boats made from every type of material. So I'll make the happy admission that I also "sail" an old aluminum fishing boat powered by real gasoline. I'm not really against electric stuff or fancy runabouts or larger motor yachts (although I'm not so sure about the skippers of such), but I have happily enjoyed this fishing boat, mostly because of its easygoing personality and economy. A fishing boat, that's true, but I've slightly modified the trim to give some charm and more utility. The boat is used mostly as a picnic launch and wildlife and birdwatcher.

It's an old Alumacraft Lunker Deluxe, 16.5' long with a 6' beam. At 27 years the LD still looks young and good with little money spent on maintenance. I bought the boat new. Not called on much to catch fish, she stays fresh and clean and especially acceptable to my wife who enjoys the picnic /bird watching trips and occasionally even takes the helm.



For the past few years most of my sailing (usually solo) or motoring has taken place on Elephant Butte Lake in New Mexico, one of the largest in this state. Those of us tuned to the moods of the desert and its surprising winds find this lake to be a sailor's delight. To others it may be more like the devil's rock garden with winds straight from hell. On any given day the waters can turn from calm serenity into a snarling beast. And while we've enjoyed many a day motor-



ing up and down the lake, I recall one day a few years back while bird watching when the snarling beast reared its ugly head.

Duck migrations had begun and the feathered wonders were everywhere (no hunting in this state park), laying over for a few days of snacking on the gourmet delights the lake offered up. We were following a group of small ruddy ducks, a comical bunch with fantails held erect, cavorting and zip-ping around each other, seeming not to mind our presence in the middle of the group. The motor was shut down and we were paddling slowly (there is no other way with this boat).

It had been a fine day, having started off well in the morning, but after lunch the sky had become overcast, greasy with streaks of gray coming out of the north. The clear water surface started to fill with dark shadows and became more disturbed as we continued to be fascinated by the antics of the ruddy fantails. I had failed to see the front coming down the lake, but when the ducks suddenly exploded into the air, I woke up. Now ducks, as we all know, can float serenely on the most boisterous sea without missing a stroke so I expect they were only trying to warn us silly humans about what was coming towards us.

The front hit like a brick wall with the wind trying to send everything and everyone flying overboard. The serene waters quickly tossed up 3' to 4' waves determined to raise hell and get inside the boat. Because she's an open boat it's easy to move around to secure flying objects such as binoculars and cameras and cans of beer, but not so easy to remain on our feet while doing so. The fully carpeted floor and seats kept things from getting too slippery. After we stumbled to and fro trying to batten down everything that moved, I managed to start the 40-horse Johnson and told the Mate to take a seat on the floor of the now wildly tossing boat.

When I ordered the Mate to sit on the floor, she looked at me queerly and said, "I'd rather not."

"You'd better," I replied, "or you might wind up overboard!" I gave her a lifesaver cushion to sit on and told her to check the buckles on her life jacket.

Once we started moving I was happily reminded at how well the motor worked with this fairly light hull in this roiling sea, keeping things from getting out of hand. Tiller steering allowed instant changes of speed and direction, a great advantage over wheel steering and positively effective in such conditions.

We had a following wind and were heading towards the Butte, hoping to get around it

and into the lee. We rode the seas, pushing from behind, and slid down the face of waves which, in turn, slid under us, lifting the boat to heights previously unachieved. Powering up and down as needed kept us from broaching but it was delicate and scary work. I had a death grip on the throttle and noticed my bloodless hand had no feeling. All too soon a nasty monster of a wave slewed the boat around before I could react. We both were thrown sideways and it took a few seconds to recover, but goosing the old Johnson straightened us out.

We travelled slowly like this, running for a few miles, and kept a weather eye out for the many dead trees trying to keep us company. A while back a great storm, a gully washer, had tossed many live and dead trees into the lake. About half of them had been corralled and towed to one of the working ramps for removal but there were still plenty around and this new storm was riling them up. Many of the dead trees were waterlogged and floated very low in the water and were mainly visible through the eerie and menacing skeletal branches.

Soon we were abreast of the Butte, an elephant shaped island jutting several hundred feet above the surface. The waves decided that I should take the narrow eastern passage leading to the inner bay and the Dam Site Marina. It rapidly became obvious that many others were doing the same thing. The storm kicked up a notch. Photo 4a shows the Butte when the lake was full.

The water in the gap between the eastern headland and the Butte looked like the inside of a giant washing machine as the backwash from the now overfilled bay met the incoming waves. My white knuckles told me that I shouldn't be doing this but there was absolutely no way to turn back. A Catalina 30 ahead of me powered through and then made a turn to starboard a little too sharp and laid over on her side, mast almost in the water! Slowly she came back up and shook her rigging like the back of a wet retriever.

I told the Mate to hang on and hit the throttle full bore. There was a crazy motion like the boat was doing a hula dance as she slid over the whiplashed foam. As Neptune would have it, we powered through unscathed and, taking the Catalina lesson to heart, made a much broader turn to starboard. We hauled up in the lee of the butte, now out of the shrieking wind, and both thanked the water gods. "But not so soon," they replied as the bow was pulled up off the only tiny bit of sand available on that steep, rocky shore by





an incredible swell and the boat was sucked back out into the maelstrom.

Again I had to power up and down to keep the bow pointing towards the bank. On the back side of the bay here was a brawling bunch of boats all trying to access the single lane ramp to haul themselves out. As the wind and waves raced around the island causing more swells and backwash, I found it difficult to keep my position in the lee, but I did not want to enter that brawl of boats at the ramp. Most were large runabouts with incautious and inexperienced drivers who were now frightened and angry. It seemed to take hours for the unruly crowd to diminish at the ramp and we hoped the wind would ease up. But the wind seemed determined and boats kept coming in and the daylight was fading.

The fight to keep position in the lee was exhausting so I told the Mate I was heading in while still alert. We stayed outside of the circling boats and found a slip of beach beyond the ramp. With some difficulty we put the bow on the beach and tied up to a strong (?) desert bush. I left the Mate to keep the bow from sliding back into the lake or bashing into the rocky cliff as the swells lifted the boat and waded over to the small bouncing dock at the ramp to see what I could do.

It was pure chaos! The swells surged up the ramp drowning a trailer and then fell off, leaving the trailer high and dry, challenging even the most experienced trailer boater. Timing was everything. Some lower units were damaged when the receding waters left a boat halfway off the trailer. There was much hollerin' and cussin' though it was mostly swept away by the wind. I did what I could to help and after much gnashing of teeth the

ramp began to clear. Many had given up and headed back to the marina. Unfortunately many of the floating docks at the marina were undulating like a boa constrictor in heat. Anyway, it was my turn. I went for the trailer.

It was a circus getting the boat floating again, lowering the motor and frantically starting it before being driven back up on the rocks. Huge dollops of water came over the transom as I backed into the darkening waves. I circled around and lined up, trying to time my speed with the rise and fall of water from the ramp, but each time I came in close enough I was bullied off course. "Who do you think you are?" the water gods were shouting as they tossed me around like a piece of dead wood.

Over their shouting I heard a more familiar shout as I approached the trailer once more. The Mate was frantically waving her hands and pointing at the trailer and then I saw it, the gods had deposited a large dead tree on the trailer! It sat there recumbent on the bunks, silver branches draped over the sides as if daring me to try. Disgusted and



tired, I tied the boat to the galloping dock with the help of the Mate and we waded into war against the dead tree. It was a long, hard struggle using broken limbs to dislodge the monster and we were chilled and exhausted when we finally reached the parking lot with the boat in tow.

"I thought we would never get that tree off the trailer," she said, with some desperation. I could still see her standing in the knee deep cold water as I tried several times backing the trailer in as far as I dared and hitting the brakes before the silver ghost finally broke loose. Then we both waded in and struggled to free the various trailer parts from the grasping, clawing branches, hanging onto every grip they could. With a final push the ghost tree slid into the dark waves and disappeared. "But it was a challenge and almost, fun," she said and smiled.

You never know what to expect from a day at the Butte. I was happy with the way the boat handled and knew it was just another scary experience and I would return. But I wasn't so sure about the Mate. "Would you like to go boating again?" I asked her.

"Oh sure," she said, "but not until they get rid of those nasty trees!"



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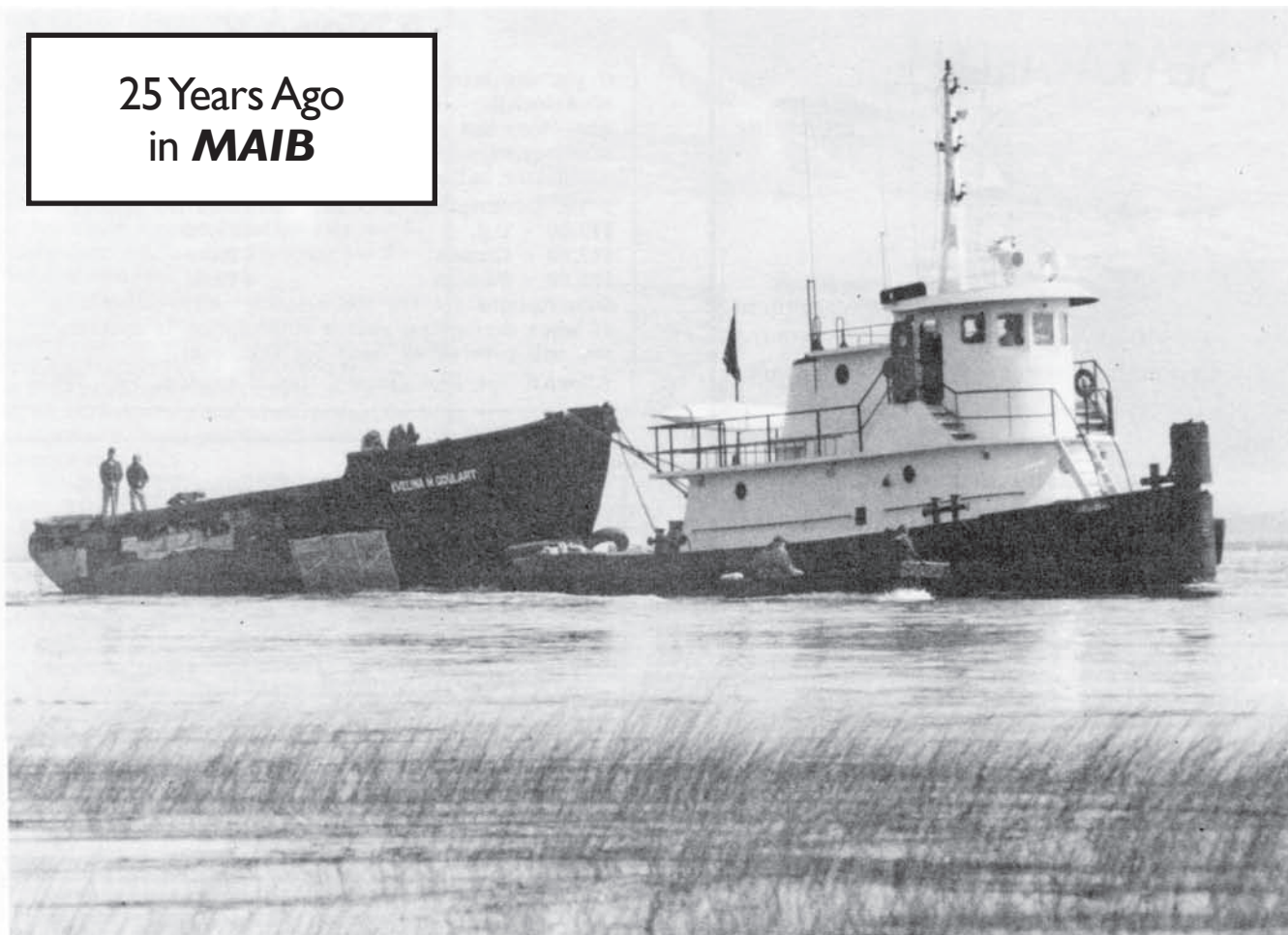
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## Saving the Evelina M. Goulart

"Evelina M. Goulart" was almost home on November 3rd last fall and there was quite a crowd on hand to welcome her back to the site of the former Story Shipyard on the Essex River in Essex, Massachusetts, where she had been launched 63 years ago. The 83' fishing schooner was somewhat the worse for wear after 63 years, in fact she was now just a hull, patched with plywood and plastic for her trip home to Essex from Fairhaven, Massachusetts under tow by the tug "Thuban".

As the assembled multitude awaited the final move up the temporary marine railway constructed beside the town boat ramp, divers checked the cradle and railcars beneath her 160 tons and the rigging crew from Metropolitan Building Movers checked the cables and blocks hooked up to their massive winch truck. All appeared set, but then, suddenly, anyone watching the hull saw a slight shift of some 6 inches sideways. Then stillness. Something had gone awry under the ship. We didn't know what it was in the crowd, but after consultations, the Metropolitan crew revved up the huge winch mounted on a massive ten wheeler truck, which

was in turn cabled to three other huge Metropolitan trucks and then to buried deadmen. The engine roared, smoke arose, cables strained and then "CRACK", a lurch of the ensemble of trucks, and then silence. "Evelina" had not budged.

"Well, that's all we've got," announced the Metropolitan crew boss. It was over for the day, and "Evelina" would have to sit on her cradle as the tides came and went while repairs to the marine railway were made. It would be a month before she'd finally rest onshore.

What was this all about, you might ask? Well it was another act in the ongoing saga of marine preservation, this one being played by a host of volunteer people and firms from the tiny historic community of Essex, from where over 4,000 fishing vessels had been launched since the 1600's. The "Evelina M. Goulart" is one of but a half-dozen of the final permutations of the famed "Gloucestermen" fishing schooners still in existence. And she is the only one left virtually unchanged in construction, having always fished and never been converted into a "dude schooner". But she was close to

derelict. Despite this, here she now was back home where she came from, and now creating a whole new set of challenges for those who believe in the rightness of trying to save this relic.

"Evelina" is the property of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, and is by far its largest artifact. In fact she is far larger than the tiny Museum itself, fitted into an old schoolhouse in the village of Essex. Small though it is, this is one really fascinating collection of history, with the artifacts that went into the shipbuilding industry that made the town famous assembled in an amazingly effective arrangement by Curator Jim Witham, and presided over now by its first "professional" director, Diana Stockton. With still pressing decisions to be made as to where "Evelina" will ultimately settle down, and how she will be preserved and presented for public viewing, this effort at maritime preservation is a long, long way from success. But she has come so far, so far, on mostly hope and a whole lot of help from her friends.

None of this was the Museum's idea, originally. They wanted to display a section of schooner fram-



ing in one corner. In 1989, Captain Bob Douglas, owner and skipper of the schooner "Shenandoah" was at the Essex Museum on a visit to that town when this subject came up as he viewed the exhibits. Well, he happened to know of a derelict schooner sunk at a wharf in Fairhaven that would soon be hauled away in a harbor cleanup. Perhaps some frames from that could be salvaged.

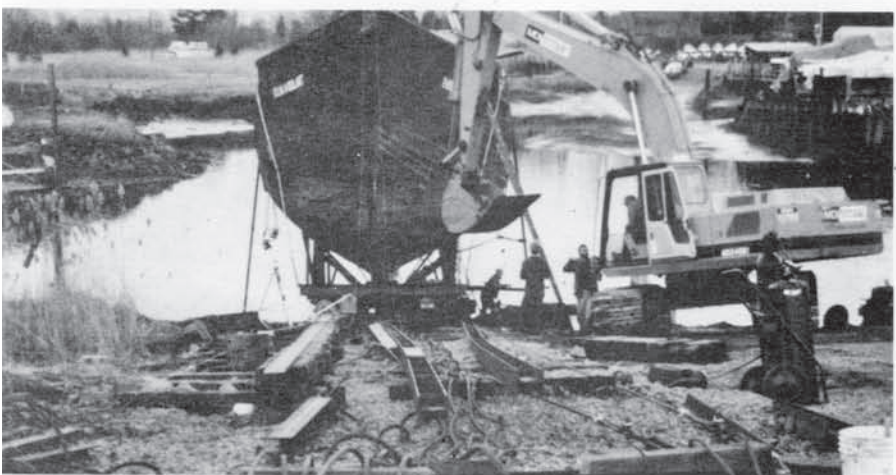
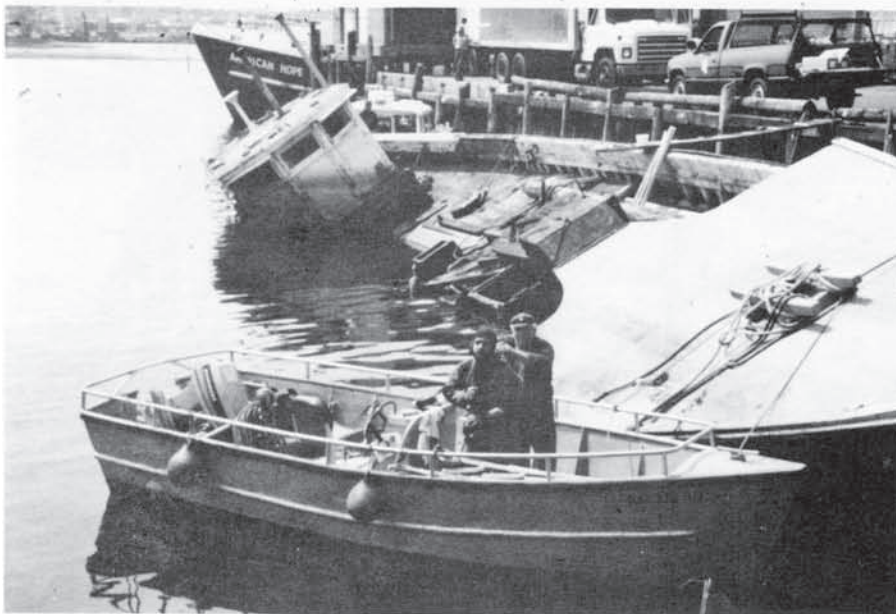
Soon his inspection revealed to him that the derelict was in far too good shape to be cut up for pieces, and he undertook at his own expense to have her raised, brought ashore and patched up to make her float again. It was "Evelina", and her final working format was as a motor dragger. She'd still been fishing when a 1985 hurricane damaged her stern, and she was tied up to the wharf in retirement. Her engine was removed, and later electric bilge pumps somehow failed and she sank. It was the end of 55 years of active fishing under just three skippers. Now Captain Douglas had her fate in his hands. He had offered her to the Essex Museum and they had readily accepted, but practical obstacles to getting her back to Essex held things up for a year, during which Douglas paid all the bills for repairs, storage and dockage.

You must realize that this is a tiny museum without "endowments" and with little cash. As one townie put it, "It'll take a whole lot of bake sales to raise the kind of money this will end up costing." The town was hardly 100% behind the idea, the dominant objections coming back to the money, and the town's position in it all if they leased the land at the town ramp to the Museum for "Evelina" to occupy. An outspoken opponent was the son of the builder, Dana Story, son of the prolific builder, Arthur D. Story, who had built "Evelina" amongst some 400 or so other ships during his tenure at running the Story Shipyard, was torn between the significance of this ship and the potential for financial disaster to the tiny Museum. So he opposed the idea as being unaffordable, trying to rein in the romanticists he saw amongst the Museum supporters. Dana is the leading histo-

Opposite page: The tug "Thuban" brings the "Goulart" up the Essex River. Right from the top: Getting aligned with the railway while still afloat. Hooking up Metropolitan's huge winch truck. Brad Story, grandson of Arthur D. Story, builder of the "Goulart", contemplates his grandfather's work. Brian Duffy set up the whole railway, not an easy job working with inexperienced volunteers. "That's all we got!", conference after the "Goulart" slipped off the railway.







rian of the schooner building era, with thousands of old photos and several books on the subject to his credit. But he's a classic Yankee too, careful about the money.

But the decision was taken to bring "Evelina" home, and get Captain Douglas off the hook. People who could help began turning up. Brian Duffy, a marine railway specialist from New Bedford who knew Douglas, came up to look over what would be required to build a temporary railway alongside the town ramp that would hold the 160 ton vessel. Duffy tackled it with mostly local volunteer help, people he could not "order" around, complicating his work. But he was in for the duration. John Coughlin, owner of the local Metropolitan Building Movers, a major firm in that field, volunteered his firm's services to do the actual hauling. Don Frykland, a construction man from Gloucester, brought over his huge Japanese built backhoe for digging and prodding, and set up a shed for the work crew on site. Steel I beams for rails, huge roller sets for the cradle to ride on, all the stone needed to fill in for the railway bed, this stuff began to arrive. All free. Despite some local concerns over the environmental impact of this waterfront "construction", the state did not interfere, as it was to be only "temporary".

The spring trip planned was then scrubbed as boating season loomed near and town officials feared that the huge hull might run aground in the narrow, tortuous Essex River, blocking it off for hundreds of power boats kept at the marinas lining the waterfront. So Douglas had to hang on until fall. At last the time arrived, and on November 1st the "Evelina" left Fairhaven under tow by the tug "Thuban", owned by another Douglas friend, R.W. Packer, and skippered by Capt. Jeff Kauffmann, in another generous contribution to the cause. "Thuban" was chosen especially to navigate the shoal and sandbarred Essex River, having twin screws and only a 7' draft. "Thuban" had originally been built for Mississippi River work.

It was a golden day, a flat calm across Massachusetts Bay, and Captain Kauffmann reported that

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Left from the top: The "Goulart" as Capt. Bob Douglas found her at a pier in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. Evelina M. Goulart stands between her parents in this formal photo from the '20's. Dana Story, son of Arthur D. Story, is the leading historian of Essex shipbuilding, but was concerned at the financial impact the "Goulart" might have on the tiny museum. Don Frykland at work with his giant backhoe, "he can tie his shoelaces with that thing," one volunteer who worked with him commented.



"Evelina" "came like a leaf". On the 3rd she came upriver on the top of the tide, led by a "pilot" boat, Billy Lee's "Ocean Reporter" out of Gloucester, with William and Betty Ann Crossen aboard as local knowledge "pilots" on the river. And so "Evelina" arrived, and by the time the crowd did, was set for that final lift ashore. She had been floated onto cradles that would carry her up the railway.

After the dust settled following that "CRACK", and the gathered onlookers had drifted away, the Museum folks now faced a daunting task. "Evelina" would have to be jacked up and the rail-bed rebuilt beneath her, with winter looming up. The ballast stone had been skimpy under one end of the railway bed in deference to environmental concerns about changing the nature of the river bottom and it had shifted, dropping one set of rollers off the track. Now as days shortened, volunteers labored on between tides, often under lights, following Duffy's instructions. Finally on December 7th before a smallish crowd who had had advanced notice, "Evelina" came up almost all the way, the Metropolitan winch truck barely idling as the cables pulled the huge hull ashore. The last 15 feet of the haul belonged to Don Fryklund and his backhoe. One local who knew the ship remarked, "she only comes for those who love her".

There had been others who loved her at the November 3rd arrival. Evelyn Roderick of Gloucester, daughter of one of "Evelina's" co-owners, had christened her back in 1927, and was present at her return. Her original major owner, Manuel Goulart, had named her after his only daughter. But, Evelina had died in 1929 in her teens, sadly. A granddaughter of Manuel's was present on the 3rd, however. And Leo Riberio of Gloucester was there and pronounced that "she is beautiful." Looking at the scarred hull, Diana Stockton, who had been at the focal point of all the issues that "Evelina's" return had aroused, acknowledged that she was glad to have her back, but "beautiful"? "She's beautiful," Leo replied, "on her I felt safe." Leo had ridden out the hurricane of 1938 aboard "Evelina" at sea.

So, now what? The rush of nostalgia surrounding her return is over and "Evelina" sits on the side of the ramp with a one year lease from the town. She's got to be stabilized, protected from the ravages of the weather, and eventually tidied up and outfitted for her new role. "Evelina" will not be restored. Her port side, which is in very good shape, will be painted up, and her deckhouses rebuilt. The starboard side will be stripped of its planking so the structural



Above from the top: Final lineup for the successful haulout in December, Don Fryklund's backhoe backing up John Coughlin's winch truck. Museum Director Diana Stockton talks with Curator Jim Witham about what Jim will have to do with this huge artifact. Final hookup for the haulout, at left Bob Reed of Marblehead Marine, who acted as clerk of the works, at right John Coughlin of Metropolitan Building Movers, and back to camera, Brian Duffy, who engineered the railway construction. Coming ashore at last, "Evelina M. Goulart" is home.

details of how the famous Gloucester fishing schooners were built will be revealed for all interested to see. An appropriate setting must yet be finalized, along with necessary public access construction. A daunting task for this tiny community museum.

"Evelina" now sits on land that had been leased from Essex in 1927 by the Story Shipyard when she was launched. She is truly back home, and what more appropriate place could there be for her to stay? And right beside her is the former Story Shipyard, no longer in the family, but still de-

voted to boatyard activities. If somehow, sometime, it were to become not only the home for "Evelina M. Goulart", but also for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, a historic circle will have been closed.

Want to know more? Inquire of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Main St., Essex, MA 01929. The Museum is open to the public May through October, 11 to 4, Thursday through Sunday, but "Evelina" will be there to be viewed nearby at any time this summer.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks





Years ago I helped make a movie. I was the rowboat wrangler for a Syracuse University film student's senior thesis project, "Beware The Doldrums." I loaned my elderly, very leaky lapstrake double ender to the effort and, on a chilly choppy October afternoon, narrowly averted disaster on Lake Ontario with the boat and student actress. I learned from that. Boats and people and video cameras are a tricky mix. Especially if the people don't know how to row.

Last summer I revisited the world of videography afloat. This time we put our own little schooner *Sara B* to work. *Sara B*, featured previously here in this publication as the subject of my sailing memoir about living on the edge with leaky boats, is an old salt originally from Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. She's a Tancook schooner, 38' on deck, and was launched into the world a couple of years after her 64-year-old part owner and arrived on Lake Ontario after being purchased on eBay in 2004. She is now owned by a co-op of sorts.

I should explain her involvement with the video. I have a propensity for teaching and I love the concept of using boats as teaching tools. I admire efforts to build character and teach life lessons with small boats and tall ships, and a few years ago I even paid a goodly sum to enhance my own character aboard an all woman crewed tall ship. I also admire programs like that of the Hudson River sloop *Clearwater* and the Inland Seas schooner on Lake Michigan that use boats to teach about ecology.

As a self appointed advocate for the welfare of the waters on which I sail (Lake Ontario), I know sailing can be a very good way to excite interest in, and teach about, the ecology and environment of our wet and watery surroundings. For a number of years I offered day trips and sunset cruises aboard our 32-footer *Titania*. Often these outings presented her wordy skipper with an opportunity to enlighten the passengers about the glories and marvels of the largest fresh water ecosystem on the planet. Some passengers escaped their garrulous guide and took naps on *Titania's* foredeck. However, quite a few of the more inquisitive ones toughed it out in the cockpit and even asked questions. This inspired me to write a sailing adventure story exploring the lake's ecology for the young and young at heart. This work, *Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake*, was a modest success.

## Sara B Makes a Movie

By Susan Gately

Last winter I decided to follow the book up with an educational video about the lake's history and ecology. I envisioned *National Geographic* and Nova knocking on my door. I pictured our premier at the Sundance Film Festival or at the very least at Toronto. Surely we'd sail up there and get the red carpet treatment and a free dock at the downtown marina. It's gonna be huge.

However, there was one teeny problem. The screen test. I can talk and write with uncertain and erratic efficiency and articulation. But on camera I really suck. Charisma polish and charm is not me. According to the experts our video needed a good story line and a strong central character, perhaps a wise and salty old sea captain to act as guide. Alas, Skipper Sue just didn't cut it. Neither did anyone else we knew. And no one wanted to try. But we knew someone who did have charm and good looks and charisma to the max. *Sara B* was perfect for a leading lady. We are constantly being told how beautiful our little shiplet is. Here was our star.

We set up our first session with two extras for crew on a warm windy weekday to minimize PWC and tube towing traffic. I was cameraman while my spouse and the two *Sara B* LLC members manned the schooner. They wisely tucked in a reef and, after taking one look at whitecaps on the lake, I declared no way was the solo cameraman going to get any footage out there. I anchored in the bay and got the camera out. Soon I saw *Sara B* roaring towards me with a huge bone in her teeth. She actually looked a little scary heading straight for me at that speed.

I started the camera rolling and immediately discovered the bay was far choppier than I'd realized. And each time I got the hard charging schooner nicely framed, a puff would hit and *Titania* would veer around and put her shrouds or stern rail into the picture. Needless to say, most of the video was very bouncy. No Steady Cam rig here. I was soon wishing for a gimbal like the one on our drone, but they don't come cheap so I made do with lots of video hoping a few seconds of it would be useable.

*Sara B* swept by showing much of her bottom. She tacked around and charged back now to windward. I saw a catspaw rushing across the water. The old gaffer felt it and dipped her rail well under coming back up with her scuppers pouring. Wow, almost washed the cabin windows with that one. Good thing they reefed. After 40 minutes of strenuous sailing, we ended up with about 30 seconds of usable video.

After we recovered from this shoot, we set the camera up on the end of the harbor jetty on another weekday. We had a grand full sail breeze and a 3-4' sea to go with it. This time I took the helm with the regular stalwart crew aboard and reached back and fourth in front of the jetty. My spouse took lots of video, much of it showing a little schooner with poorly trimmed sails. I think we got about a minute of footage on this session. But it was at least steady.

On subsequent sessions we took the Go Pro out on the bowsprit, up the mast, hung it off the quarter and shoved it underwater while sailing. All we got from that was a lot of bubbles. I soon found I needed at least three hands while perched on the bowsprit trying to set the Go Pro camera up with the smart phone app. We took photos of the boat on her mooring from the air using our Go Pro plus drone combo. About the only thing we didn't try was video from the air of *Sara B* under sail in the open lake. We discussed trying to land the drone on deck but decided that effort would be a suicide "mission" for the little flier.

We are now piecing together the video and hope to have it complete sometime later this year. By the time you read this, if you do, we're probably back in the boatyard again getting the old star ready for another season. The video on Lake Ontario is going to have 45 awesome seconds of Tancook schooner sailing in it. Reluctantly, I may have to omit the wonderful sound of that ancient diesel pounding away on the trip across the lake in search of "biodiversity" photos.

If you would like to see a preview you'll find nine minutes of the boat posted at *Sara B's* website. To find it Google "Schooner *Sara B*." Go to the *Sara B* log listings at the bottom of her home page and click on the entry for Nov 25. And for more on the project the boat or the educational effort you can check out [www.susanpgately.com](http://www.susanpgately.com).



On January 30 a heat wave snuck into the Chicago area. OAT was 46° forecast and we were suffering from cabin fever since that heavy wet snowstorm blew in from some place called Iowa. Plans to flee south were on hold. Having viewed that waterfall turned frozen ice cone beneath St Louis Canyon along the Illinois River, the open water looked inviting.



We checked the local fishing holes and found them still iced up. However, our local Salt Creek was lowering after the snow melt. The backwaters were frozen over with only shore ice rimming the banks.

We're going paddlin! The two take-a-part kayaks were lifted off the ping pong table and packed inside my van. PFDS, paddles and golf ball extractors made the check list complete. Our quest to future riches lay on the creek's bottom. Maybe, just maybe, we'll hit another glory hole bonanza of balls beneath those chilly 37° dark waters. These waters feed from a golf course the creek runs through. We've boated over a thousand golf balls, cleaned them, graded them, sell some and give them as gifts to our golfing friends.

Arriving at the creek put-in, I donned my sunglasses even though the sun was in. I found they filter out the silver sky reflections from the water and allow me to see deeper and further into the water. It's easier to spot those resting golf balls! Son Mike broke the shore ice so Papa could get in and held my yak for an easy splash proof entry. Being a chilly day, it was nice for me to be able to snuggle down low to conserve heat and stay out of the wind. Blaze orange yoyager caps, gloves, scarves, double pants and boots were the order of the day. Thank God the wind was calm.

From the water I watched Mike board his homemade craft without falling in off that slippery shore ice and soon we were free from land at last. We waved good day to the onshore walkers and well wishers and

## The Kingfisher and the Callaway

By Bob McAuley

began our upstream hunt. Though the woods we paddled through were leafless and drab, our ears were soon greeted to the echoing drumming of some local woodpecker across the flat water. When I rested my paddle and glided, the only other sounds were the rippling cut waves moving away from my bow as I looked down at the water ahead and the drip, drip, water droplets dripping off my paddle. Ah, quietude!

Until ah ha! I glimpsed a white object passing beneath me lying on the creek bottom. It's a golf ball! My first of the year. I quickly brake paddled backwards and relocated it as I assembled the homemade golf ball extractor and dipped in for a sure capture. A "Titleist." I quickly dropped it into the cockpit and resumed paddling trying to catch up to Mike. Meanwhile Mike, several yards ahead, has scored two hits and is ahead of me on the count. Two more Titleists.

Rounding the first bend I spotted a gray and blue bird swooping low over the water hunting for his ten o'clock snack perhaps? Over the flat water I heard the clacking call that I recognize as the local kingfisher who refuses to go south for the winter. It's encouraging to have some company on the cold dark creek in the winter. He's too far away for a picture but it's nice to know that there are some small fish around to keep him around and performing for us!

The herons have gone south but a couple of mallards came whistling by at 40mph. The kayak seemed harder to paddle today. Maybe it's because cold water is more dense or because I'm a little out of practice. Oh, and I never did wax the hull like I promised.

Finally we paddled past the museum, new home of a 10,000-year-old woolly mammoth. Did the early man stalk those mammoths from canoes or kayaks? Now the creek widens out and shallows. As we glide over the shallow water we come upon a field of tired golf balls! They had stopped swimming from last summer's flood and rested right here. We stopped paddling abruptly and began snagging, lifting, cleaning and dumping them into the cockpit. To my surprise I boated a rare "Callaway" which cleaned up to AAA standards. We totaled 21 which is a winner in blackjack!



With the field cleaned up, we moved on upstream in search of more. After reaching the

island my muscles hollered stop. They told me to paddle lightly and let the light current take over. I did a 180° and bid Mike to catch me later as he had enough reserve to circle the island and fight its swirling currents.

As I paddled and coasted downstream, I again encountered that belted kingfisher, only this time he may have been flying with a mate? The sun had finally come out and it was difficult to positively identify them as they were dark birds. As I glided under the new walking bridge, I leaned back and just looked up at the passing clouds and soaked in the moment of smoothly sliding through the flat waters of the creek. What a contrast from last February when we kayaked in wind and swells on the Pacific at La Jolla, California. My daydream came to a noisy and wet end in a spray of water when I drifted too close to our resident tree chompin' Barney Beaver's bank home. Those beaver tails do make a loud splash. And I think I heard, "And don't come back." Maybe I'll get his picture next time. Mike who had caught up to me saw and heard the splash also.

Mike landed first without getting wet and held my kayak while I hauled out dry. The icy and muddy limestone bank was slippery with the warming temperatures. We found that Mike's kayak has a leak as was demonstrated by his wet seat! Local walkers marveled at our cold weather kayaking and take-a-part crafts.

It was a Cool, Kingfisher and Callaway Day! Bob Sullivan, my former paddling friend, would have approved. Keep on paddling.



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I was greatly pleased to see the article about solar powered boating by Greg Hopkins in the January 2016 issue. There is an increasing interest among boaters in electric power and we now even have a site to exchange information and ideas, Electric Seas at <http://www.electriceas.org/>.

The potential for electric boating, however, is greater than just going for day trips on weekends and recharging during the week as described by Greg. I have been taking one to two week cruises on Puget Sound for over 20 years now in electric St Pierre Dorries. At first I was limited to about 15 nautical miles per day and then had to dock at a marina with shore power to recharge. However, for the last two years I have exchanged my golf cart batteries with lithium cells and added 540 watts of solar panels. My cruising range on a single "charge" is now 50 nautical miles and I need about four hours of sunlight for every hour of cruising at 4 knots (80% of hull speed).

So here is my story, maybe it will motivate other readers to explore the idea of electric cruising, the quietest, less polluting way to move on the water under power. It is also a great way to see wildlife, we can cruise up to within 20' of sea lions and seals without spooking them. In fact, every time we go out we have at least one seal pop up within 10' of the boat to check us out.

Twenty years ago I built my first electric St Pierre Dory and now I am cruising in my third one. All have been powered by electricity but my systems have changed as time progressed. I hope you will find my journey of discovery useful. Although I was often motivated by exploring different ways of adapting electric propulsion to boats, the ultimate goal was to provide comfortable and safe cruising vacations for my family.

I have been building canoes and small boats ever since graduate school, but when I got married and kids came along we needed something bigger. So 20 years ago I was looking for something simple to build but large enough to handle my wife and two active kids. I settled on the St Pierre Dory as the safest small cruising boat. For over 100 years these seaworthy craft have been carrying their crews of two or three fishermen to the fishing grounds off Newfoundland with incredible reliability, safety and economy. John Gardner, in his *Dory Book*, states that not one St Pierre Dory has ever been lost at sea. That sounded perfect for a young father.

I have always been a fan of Phil Bolger and have built two of his boats (Dolphin and Otter II). But he did not have any plans for a large dory so I bought mine from Glen-L Marine. I liked their idea of having different options for powering the boat. I needed something that could be trailered. The thought of keeping a boat in the water all the time, painting the bottom every year, paying for dock space and, here in the Puget Sound area, bailing the rainwater out of the boat every week during the winter did not appeal to me.

When the eagerly awaited plans finally arrived I carefully studied all the designs and instructions. I hit my first snag almost immediately. However, this turned out to be a real "plus." Dorries, especially the big ones like the St Pierre, need a lot of ballast if we don't want to bounce around like a cork. I began searching for inexpensive ballast options and found that the cheapest were nails that cost 50¢/lb (in 1995). However, I also discovered that golf cart batteries cost about \$1/lb. Bingo! The proverbial light bulb went

## Not Just Boating

### Cruising in a Solar Powered Electric Boat

By Tom Hruby

off. Why not use electric power and have the batteries be the ballast?

What I needed was more information. St Pierre Dorries used for fishing early in the 20th century were powered by 1.5-3hp Acadia engines (very simple, start them by turning the flywheel, stop them by shorting the plug). This was enough to get them to hull speed. Since 1hp is equal to 750 watts I figured a 1,500watt motor would be adequate. So I settled on a 36volt system because that is what they use in golf carts and motors and parts were easily available.

The Glen-L St Pierre Dory was 26' long with a beam of 8'. At that time I did not feel comfortable trailering a boat that was 8' wide. Since Glen-L provides full sized patterns for all the ribs, stem and transom, it was relatively easy to reduce the dimensions by 10%. The hardest part was adjusting for the fact that the standard lumber sizes would not be reduced as well.

As I started building the hull I was looking for an electric motor. Luckily I found a 2hp permanent magnet motor that used 36volt DC current. This meant six golf cart batteries. The next problem was matching the rpms of the motor to a prop. These large dorries like big props with low revolutions. The St Pierres used a 20" prop revolving at around 400rpm. Ouch!! A 20" prop was around \$1,000 at that time. Finally I compromised and found a used 16" prop with a 16" pitch for about \$300. I figured I would get hull speed at about 600rpm with this prop. This meant I needed to reduce the speed of the motor (3,600 rpm) to 600rpm.

My initial choice was to use a V-belt rated for 4hp (more on this later). Controlling speed was a primitive affair. I used three sets of resistors with different levels of resistance from golf carts. This was the old way of controlling speed in golf carts and did waste some power. However, we usually cruised at maximum power and only switched to the resistors when we coming into dock.

When I decided to reduce the size of the boat I also found that installing the box in which to lift the prop as suggested by Glen-L would take up too much internal space. I decided to install a fixed shaft "through hull" and protect the prop on the outside with skegs made out angle iron. These would sit on the trailer and protect the prop.

Finally the big day arrived and I started building the boat. The hull was built upside down on a frame. The hull is plywood and I covered that with glass and epoxy. (NOTE: For those of you who might be concerned about sunlight degrading epoxy, I have found that this issue can be minimized by putting a dark pigment directly into the resin. This has the benefit of never having to paint the hull since the color is throughout the resin. As an added level of protection I sprayed on a couple of thin coats of spar varnish, satin, of course, to hide all the slight imperfections. I found that three cans would cover the hull.)

When the hull was finished I put the frame on casters and rolled it outside my garage where I have my workshop. The next hurdle was turning the hull over. This

is a very tricky part of building larger boats upside down. At first I built a cradle that surrounded the hull and then used hydraulic car jacks to slowly turn it over. A crane would have been easier but renting one and bringing it up my gravel driveway was a problem. It took me four boats to finally hit upon a reasonable solution for flipping the hull.



For my first two I used hydraulic jacks to slowly lift the cradle to the vertical and then back down the other side. This was always a difficult process that took two days. For my third hull I built a scaffolding above the hull using 12' long 4"x4s connected with two 10' 2"x6s between each set of pillars. To lift and flip the hull and cradle I used four hand winches (one on each pillar). Finally, on my fourth hull (a 21' sharpie I built for my daughter) I came up with a much better option. A 12volt winch hooked to the trailer ball on my truck pulled the cradle to the vertical without any problems. To lower the cradle in the other direction I wrapped a rope around a tree and used the friction against the trunk as the brake. Actually it almost worked too well and we had to help it along.



Back to my first dory. Did you know that the inside of a dory makes a wonderful playpen for small kids? When it was my turn to babysit our 18-month-old daughter I would put her inside the hull with a box of crayons, look at her smile! This was one place she could color on the "walls" without angering her parents. So our first dory has the inside of its hull covered in "artwork." I eventually



glued Styrofoam between the inner and outer hulls for floatation and the artwork was covered but it did provide many hours of entertainment. My older daughter, who at time was five, also had to participate but she used markers (couldn't let little sister have all the fun). I don't think there was a blank piece of plywood without markings anywhere inside the hull.



When it was time to name the boat I asked my family what we should name her. My younger daughter (two at that time) immediately and very firmly piped up "Daddy's." So *Daddy's* it became.

After all the necessary rituals were done, the boat was launched and ready for its trial run. The good news, the boat floated and did not leak; the bad news, one V-belt did not work. It slipped a great deal even though it was rated for 4hp. The small pulley on the motor side needed to give me a 6:1 reduction in rpms did not have enough friction to power the belt.

Back to the drawing board. My next brainstorm was to use a drive chain like those used in go carts. That worked fine but after three years the noise was no longer acceptable so I replaced the chain with a hydraulic pump linked to the electric motor to power a hydraulic motor attached to the prop shaft. That lasted only two trips. It turned out the hydraulic fluid overheated and I would have had to install a cooler that took up too much space. Oh, well. Finally I decided to try two V-belts. I did not know that was possible until I saw a photograph of a 20hp motor powering a machine using five belts. Finally I had found something that actually worked and met my needs.

So every summer we took *Daddy's* out for a vacation cruise in Puget Sound. The six golf cart batteries gave us about 2.5-3 hours of cruising time before they ran down (10-15 nautical miles). This proved to be adequate because we could tie up at marinas overnight and recharge from the shore power. With

small kids our cruising time was limited to about two hours anyway. A vacation is supposed to be fun for everyone so we tried to cruise a little bit and then find distractions on shore. That is not difficult in the Salish Sea (the official new name for Puget Sound and the Straits of Georgia) since the entire region is water oriented. Here is *Daddy's* tied up at a marina in Poulsbo.



When we were cruising the two girls slept in the cabin while my wife and I slept on a temporary platform over the motor compartment. I built a tentlike structure over the cockpit to protect us from the elements and passersby, here pictured while recharging the batteries after a day's cruise with the "tent" partially open.



We would travel to some location such as Tacoma or Lake Washington or Anacortes and launch the boat there to begin a cruise in that area. Cruising in this boat brought us back to the old ways of doing things. We had to watch the tides carefully and plan so we were always traveling with the tide. With tidal currents as high as 8 knots in some parts of the Sound we would get nowhere in a boat that has a hull speed of less than 5 knots unless we planned ahead.

After eight years of summers spent on the water my girls began to complain that the cabin was getting to be too small. Not only were they getting bigger but they insisted on bringing more stuff along, knitting, painting kits, books, etc. I guess it was time to

dust off the plans and build the full size (26') version. Now to be called *Daddy's Too*.

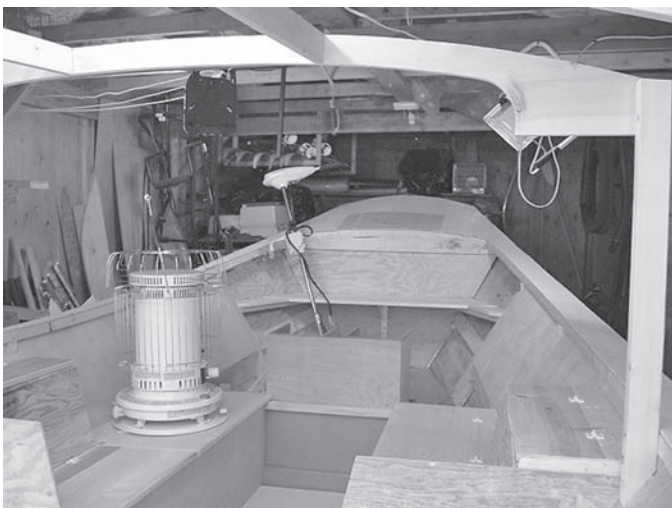
It was now 2005 and the technology of electric propulsion had improved. I could use 36 volt trolling motors instead of an inboard. The 36volt motors draw 30amps (equals 1,080 watts or about 1.25 real horsepower and compares well with a 3-4hp gasoline outboard). Two trolling motors produced 2.5hp which is more than adequate for this boat. With a bigger boat I could install two sets of 6volt golf cart batteries, one set for each trolling motor. This also increased my range to 25 nautical miles. Both Motor Guide (Mercury Marine) and MinnKota make 36volt marine trolling motors of similar power. I chose the Motor Guide because they were less expensive.

For the second dory I built a small well in the cockpit for the motors (Fig 7). These trolling motors can be moved vertically as well tilted, so I just raised them up for trailering. Given the shape of the dory hull, there was no easy way to mount the motors on outboard brackets in a way that I could still control them at the same time. Hanging them from the stern would have interfered with the rudder and hanging them from the side would have left me spread eagled given the width of the hull.

The unfinished cockpit photo of *Daddy's Too* shows the outboard well and the trolling motor for scale. (The kerosene heater is in there because it was the middle of winter when I was building *Daddy's Too*). Since the larger hull did not fit into my garage I had to build the boat in my shed outside. Finally the big day arrived and *Daddy's Too* rolled out of the shed (Fig 8). The 26' length was just perfect for my family and we cruised Puget Sound on her for five years. Fig 9 shows us tied up at Rosario on Orcas Island with the canopy up. Notice also the upgrade in the canopy. I splurged and bought a real bimini top and added skirts all the way around on zippers.

My wife and I slept in the covered cockpit and the girls in the now larger cabin. We still were depending on a daily recharge at the marinas where we stayed. Solar technology still had not progressed far enough for us add this to the boat.

After cruising five years of *Daddy's Too* I finally realized the trolling motor throttles do not have to be attached to the shaft like a regular outboard. Thus, the motors could be hung on the outside of the hull in a fixed channel and the throttles could be anywhere in the cockpit. All I needed was two wires going from the throttle to the motor shaft. The main power to the motors does not have to be routed through the throttle head. Wow! I could therefore do away with an outboard well completely.





It's amazing how difficult it is to "think outside the box," the outboard box in this case. A trolling motor, like an outboard, needs to be attached to an outboard bracket, an outboard well or transom and that's it. Right? Wrong. The controls for a trolling motor can be easily separated from the shaft and motor because all it provides is two wires that connect the motor to a potentiometer in the handle. There is no mechanical connection between the throttle and the motor. Also, the wires that carry the power are completely separate and can be routed wherever it is convenient.

So it was back to the workshop to start work on *Daddy's Third*. During the last summer cruise on *Daddy's Too* we ran into a thunderstorm. I was stuck by the tiller getting soaked while the "girls" were nice and cozy in the cabin having a great time laughing at my bedraggled and soggy appearance. Since I was building a new hull I decided to include a covered steering section amidship to avoid such an ignominy again. After eight months in the shed it was time for another "first" launch.

The motor shaft is mounted on a 2"x3" piece of lumber that pivots down into a 2" steel, square U-channel. This system would not have worked, however, if I had not included a critical component, a through-hull,  $\frac{3}{16}$ " fiberglass rod that locks the shaft support to the U-channel and lets me motor in reverse as well as forward. The rod acts like a shear pin and will break if I happen to hit something with motor, an important consideration since the motors project several inches below the hull.

After one season with lead acid batteries, I splurged and purchased lithium ion phosphate batteries. I had some very good experiences with these lithium cells in a car conversion I undertook and decided it was worth converting the boat as well. Suddenly my range was extended to 50 nautical miles and the batteries fit within the same footprint as the lead acid ones. They were 150lbs lighter so I had to add additional ballast.

In 2013 I was tinkering with solar cells and panels and found that a new product had appeared on the market, solar panels that were flexible, highly efficient (about 19%) and

weighed only 8lbs for a 180watt panel compared to about 35-40lbs for the usual kind. This opened up some real possibilities for adding solar power to the electric dory. I could put these on the top of the cabin and have them conform to the shape of the top. Also their light weight would not make the boat top heavy. I purchased three 180watt panels for a total of 540watts and added only 24lbs.

In addition, I had to purchase a solar charge controller to move the solar power to the batteries. In 2013 a local (Washington State) solar company (Midnight Solar) was just coming out with a marine version of their small solar charge controller. I suddenly found myself a beta tester because I did not want to wait. After two summers of cruising with this system I am still a satisfied customer.

Now that I have retired I hope to spend many weeks this summer cruising the Salish Sea. Since my panels don't always line up directly with the sun, I average about 300-350watts of power between 10am and 4pm (total energy stored during the day is approximately 2-3 kw-hrs).

## And Now for the Technical Stuff

During these 20 years of cruising using electric power I have been collecting data that might be of interest to anyone else thinking about converting. Be warned, the following section has a lot of numbers. Read on, however, if you are interested using electricity for moving your boat.

What follows is a primer on electric power (for those of you like myself with only a dim memory of high school physics, so if you remember your high school physics you can skip this section). When considering electric propulsion there are a few basic variables to consider:

**Volts:** This is a measure of the electric "pressure" present in a system. A 6v battery has half the pressure of a 12v battery. Electrons (electricity) will flow from the minus terminal to the plus terminal on a battery if there is conductor between them. Normally air is a good insulator so we don't have any electricity flowing between the plus and minus terminals on a battery because the volt/pressure is fairly low. Now if we crank up the pressure to 50,000v the electric pressure is so high that air no longer acts as an insulator and we will get a spark, such as a Tesla coil or static electricity generator.

**Amps:** This is a measure of how many electrons are actually moving in a circuit. If we have only one electron being pushed by

50,000v it is not going to cause much damage. Static electricity may have a very high voltage but not many electrons moving (a static shock may be 0.002a or ma). However, if we short out a 12v battery (which contains lots of electrons) we can get a current of 1,000a or more and this will cause quite an explosion and melt the battery terminals.

**Watts:** This is a measure of electric power and is derived from volts and amps (volts x amps = watts). Watts can readily be converted to other measures of power such as horsepower, calories, BTUs. For example 1hp = 750w. 1,000w is a kilowatt. An electric motor that is rated at 10,000w (or 10kw) produces  $10,000/750 = 13.3$ hp.

**Watt-hours:** When power is exerted over time it becomes energy. For example, if we keep a 100w light bulb on for one hour we will have used 100w-hrs of energy. If we use 1,000w for one hour we have used 1kw-hour.

Using electricity for propulsion in boats: The reason fossil fuels are so handy is that they pack a lot of energy in a small package. A gallon of gasoline (7lbs) contains about 33kw-hrs of energy. A fully charged lead acid battery contains about 18w-hrs/lb of battery. So it would take almost a ton of lead acid batteries to equal the energy stored in one gallon of gas. My lithium batteries, weighing in at about 550lbs, only contain

about 25kw-hrs of usable energy, even less than a gallon of gas!

How come I can travel more than 50 nautical miles on that little amount of energy? An 8hp outboard ([http://tohatsu.com/tech\\_info/fuel\\_consumpt.html](http://tohatsu.com/tech_info/fuel_consumpt.html)) will use approximately 1 gal/hr so I would only get about five nautical miles/gallon of gas.

Average numbers that work for our needs but will not satisfy a nautical engineer: The numbers I present above start making sense if one considers the efficiency of a gasoline motor vs an electric motor. First, an internal combustion gasoline motor may only be about 33% efficient, so two thirds of the energy stored in gasoline is wasted in combustion and the transmission according to the California energy commission. So, of that 33kw-hours of energy in the gallon only about 11kw-hours are actually transmitted to the propeller shaft. Electric motors on the other hand are 85-92% efficient so 1kw-hr of energy stored in a battery carries us a lot further. Also, the efficiency of gasoline engines has a very narrow range of rpms, so efficiency drops if the rpms are either higher or lower. The efficiency of electric motors on the other hand, changes very little with rpms.

**Approximation #1:** It takes about a 3hp gasoline engine to move 1,000lbs of boat weight at hull speed. This a usable average



for displacement hulls in the 20'-50' range that are often used in cruising.

Approximation #2: 1hp of electric motor (750w) is equal to 3hp of a gasoline engine. Thus it takes about 750w to move 1,000lbs of boat weight at hull speed. My actual measurements for my dory of 3,000lbs are 2.1kw (700w/1,000lbs) at hull speed of 5.2 knots.

Now, nautical engineers among our readers will immediately claim that these numbers are not accurate because hull speed and efficiency are based on many different variables even in displacement hulls (e.g., power requirements at hull speed is a function of propeller design, frictional resistance, residual resistance, wave making resistance and speed to length ratio, not just weight). However, for someone just starting out who is not a nautical engineer these are averages that will provide reasonable estimates when designing electric propulsion. In my experience the approximation falls within +/-15% of the actual numbers a nautical engineer would calculate.

Approximation #3: Reducing speed below hull speed has a positive effect on energy usage. At 80% hull speed I use only 2/3 of the power (1.4kw for my boat). At 50% hull speed I use only one-third of the power (700w for my boat).

Now that we know how much power we need, how far can we cruise? Batteries

used for electric propulsion are often rated in amp-hours. NOTE: If cranking amps are highlighted and not amp-hours, the battery is designed to start motors and not well suited for propulsion. Another name for batteries used for propulsion is "deep discharge" batteries.

Amp-hours can be used to estimate the amount of electric energy stored in a battery. In order to get an ah rating, the battery that is being tested has to be drained down to 0 over the course of a specified amount of time. The amount of amps that the battery produced over that specified amount of time constitutes the ah rating. For deep cycle batteries the standard specified time is 20 hours. So, if a battery has a rating of 100ah @ 20 hour rate, then that battery was discharged over 20 hours with a 5a load. This number can then be used to calculate how much energy the battery stores. A 12v 100ah battery would contain  $12v \times 5a \times 20\text{hours} = 1,200\text{w-hrs}$  or 1.2 kw-hrs if drained to 0.

Now, lead acid batteries should not be drained below about 40% of their capacity because below that severely reduces their longevity. So a 12v 100ah battery effectively contains only 0.72kw-hrs of energy. One of the major advantages of lithium batteries is that they can be drawn down to 10% of their capacity without problems. This is an increase of one-third in effective capacity for any given amp-hour rating.

If I had three of these 12v batteries in series to get the 36v I need for my trolling motors, I would have  $36v \times 5a \times 20\text{hours} = 3.6\text{kw-hrs}$ . If I don't want to discharge them below 40% (this is called State of Charge or SOC) I would have 2.16kw-hrs of usable energy. Since one trolling motor runs at 30a it used  $30a \times 36v = 1,080\text{w}$  or 1.08kw-hrs per hour of cruising. So the three 12v batteries would keep one trolling motor running for about two hours.

On my dory I have 2kw-hours of energy stored in lithium batteries (25kw-hour effective). These weigh 550lbs. At maximum power each motor uses  $36v \times 30\text{amps} = 1.08\text{kw}$  per hour for a total of 2.16kw/hr. At this rate I can run my motors for  $2,000/2,160 = 11.5$  hours.

These types of calculations are critical in designing an electric propulsion system if you don't want to be disappointed. I hope this will give some of you an incentive to start looking into electric propulsion. Of course, there are many other decisions that need to be made, AC or DC motor, rpms, prop size, type of speed controller, etc. For those interested you can check out some of the discussions we have had on the Electric Seas website. You can contact me there and I will walk you through some of the other decisions that have to be made.

Cheers, and happy electric cruising.



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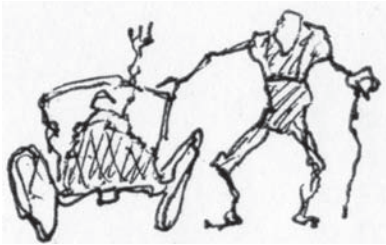


### Living Aboard



At present living will be aboard in the boatyard of the "Last Hope Shipyard" behind the "Abandon Hope Tavern" on the harbor. Tarps keep the snow and rain out and a wood burning stove makes it warm and cozy until spring.

### Age



### Ape or Alien



No limit to age, race or gender, religion or politics, to make for lively conversation.

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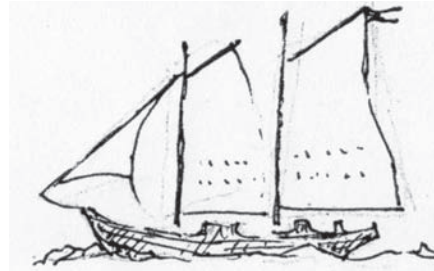
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## A Grumpy Old Sea Dog Looking for a Mate

By Tom

To sail the New England coast for the summer in a genuine ancient fishing schooner. Immediate opening available.



### Children



May be single, married, divorced, separated, widowed, runaway or wanted with children. Room enough.

### Pets



Pets allowed, domestic or exotic. Must have Social Security, welfare or illegal source of income.

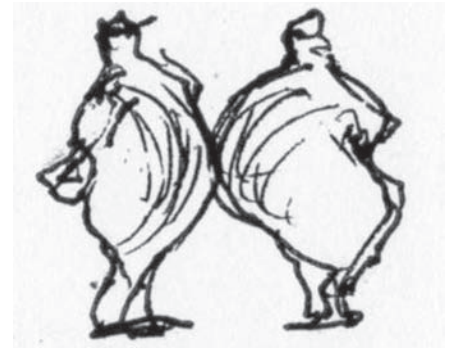
Must love junk food, drinking and disorder and be able to tolerate abuse from a beastly drunken captain who refuses to cook, clean, watch, wash or fish. Expect to perform these duties.

### Smoker



Must be a chain smoker to give interior aroma sans fish.

### Ballast



### Hiking Out



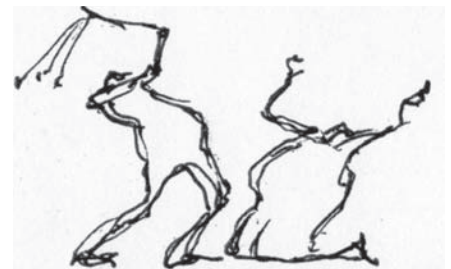
Must be overweight for ballast and hiking out. On the original schooners ballast was cobblestones or fish. Expect to replace these. Without ballast, schooners are prone to capsizes.

### Pumping



Must be strong enough to continually pump out bilge water until the authentic wooden hull swells.

### Flogging



Flogging will occasionally be necessary to keep captain and crew alert and motivated in emergencies.

### Dead Reckoning

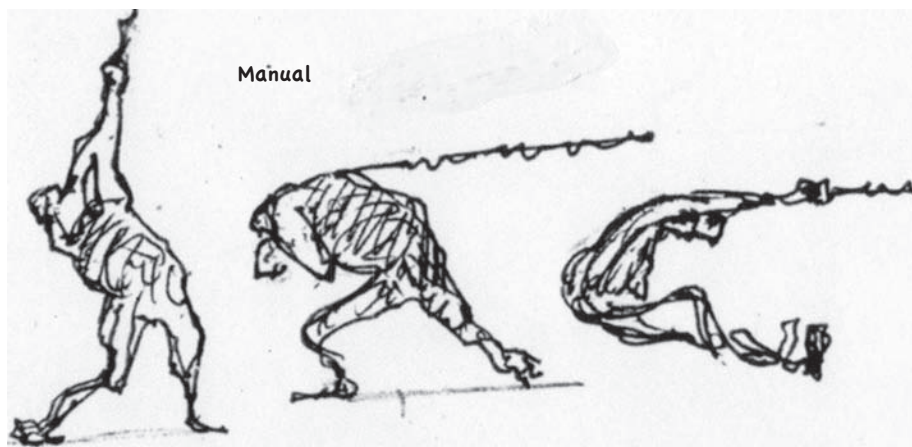


No navigational aids will be allowed aboard as all sailing will be by authentic dead reckoning.





Must expect to do the work of original brawny crew of five while the captain remains inert on the quarterdeck bellowing orders and maintaining the appearance of command. Must be patient with these obfuscated commands but obey them forthwith, while acquiring a good vocabulary of authentic nautical expletives.



Must perform all work manually, no mechanical devices supplied, authenticity is important.



There'll be no singing, humming, whistling or music aboard that will interfere with the sound of the sea and the wind in the rigging.



Join me aboard, sign the articles relieving me of responsibility and then experience life on the rolling sea as in the good old days.



"All I need is a tall mast and a star to steer her by!"

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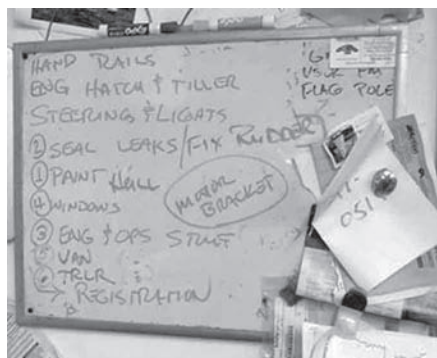
## Chapter 7.0

High Noon. We have a scheduled launch day just three weeks down the road and I think it's pretty apropos, Ground Hog Day by the clock and calendar, 1200, Tuesday, February 2, 2016, assuming the ramp isn't covered in ice and/or snow. Assuming the worst of winter is about done. Assuming my tired crew can wind up all the essential stuff.

At the end of the night shift a couple of days ago I wiped my sleeve across the shop planning board. All the remaining foo foo stuff got set aside. Even already milled tiger wood staves got bundled up and stowed for the time being. Unused cedar and pine strips were heaved back up onto the lumber racks. We're down to crunch time.

That crunch actually comes from my bright idea to conduct a group cruise over on the rainy side of the state in early March. *Miss Kathleen* has been on Ready One for that mission since the get go last August. This trip is billed as just the thing for a boat with a roof, windows and a heater. And once she's rolled out into the sunshine and lifted onto her trailer, there's no getting back into the shop. Well, not conveniently anyway.

As it is, I'm figuring on only about an inch clearance under the garage door before we go onto the trailer. She's a big girl. All the stuff that requires heat and ready access to the floor tools needs to be wound up before we go into the slings. Stuff like painting. Stuff like 'pox work. Stuff like fitting windows. Stuff like sealing leaks. Stuff like fitting the motor. Stuff like that. So you could say that our TO DO list has shrunk down to brass tacks.



Just a few one liners. That will leave a whole shebang of covering boards and trim pieces not installed, at least for this trip. In that regard I got a salient comment from a Southern Gentleman about a Northern Gentleman. I was whining to Our Father Who Art in Harper over the phone the other day. I was grilling him on how I might speed up the Duck'pox I had just ordered with the proper amount of Goosejuice. I went on to moan about how time was running out and that I simply wasn't going to be able to get all the covering up stuff glued down over all the not quite tight assemblies already in place.



## The Birthing of *Miss Kathleen*

By Dan Rogers



I told Chuck the Duck that the likes of Marty Loken would be showing up for the Drizzle Cruise in March and that I expected to be rather mortified at the thought of such a competent craftsman witnessing my brand of Frankenbuilding. Chuck said it all.

"Yeah. But Marty won't say anything."

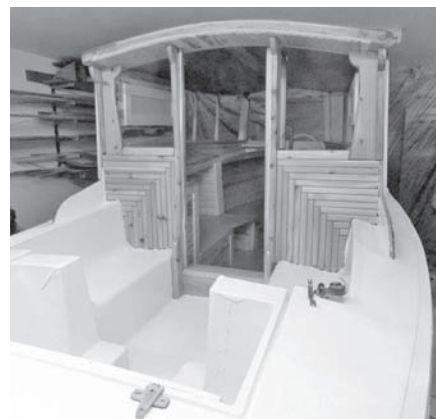
I figure Marty's eyes could come unscrewed from their sockets, rolling that far back into his head. But Chuck's right. Nobody will likely say anything real bad. And like just about everybody who has presumed to build a boat, most of the glitches are only known to me. And The Boss, of course.



But he doesn't say anything either. So, I've been painting up a storm. Cans and brushes and rollers are piling up like shotgun houses during Katrina.



And decks and sole areas that were (still are) supposed to be covered in some sort of real wood have gotten the Lucas Varnish effect, latex housepaint.



The first side window panel is pretty close to fitting. Almost.



And outboard motors have started submitting resumes for the coming season.







These two candidates could benefit by a dust down and clean up. Sure. But I do think we've got a decent shot at showing up on time for our search for no shadows. High noon just about 20 days away. I gotta get that day crew motivated.



## Chapter 7.1

Almost. By the calendar it's only been three or four months but the intensity this project has generated makes it seem like I've been working on this particular punch list for eons. And often during those many, many night shifts I began to believe today would never come. Well, literally today would come no matter what I had on my white board still to accomplish. But I will admit to despairing over the multitudes of things "yet to go." It simply took forever to fabricate that damn top. Working out the interior was a chore. Certainly patching up the gaping hole in the bottom where the keel once hung was time, money and blood consuming. All that exterior gingerbread took quite a bit of stick to it. And so forth.

But tonight, when I started reordering tasks and figuring how best to waste tomorrow, it was just plain simple. There's only about one Big Deal task left before I begin working toward putting *Miss Kathleen* back on the trailer. That's cutting, fitting and fastening window panels. Sure there's other fiddly bits. But this is the last biggie on the current list. Tonight is/was the 18th of January 2016. Come February 2 I have somehow created a bit of a monster.

Somehow, there is going to be a commissioning ceremony and initial launching in a very public way for *Miss Kathleen*. Somehow the mayor and city council and both newspapers and the whole Rotary Club and folks from here and there are invited to the very first Groundhog Day boat launch party in little old Newport, Washington. Waaaaayyyy up here in Almostcanada. Up here where the lakes freeze and the snow piles up. Somehow.

That Bosun the Sea Dog will fill in for Mr P Phil, should be of only moderate surprise. And since the gathering is planned for High Noon, I have already determined that there will be NO shadows visible. Absolutely spring will begin on that day. After all, we're going boating!

It should be quite the party, to be duly reported. But the past couple of days have been a beehive of activity out in the shop. That, and getting the trailer unwedged from between two trees and out from under a substantial pile of snow and up a very slippery wooden bridge behind Alice the Tractor. Then, after a couple of feet of snow fell away while warming up in the garage, the night shift guys got the bunks carpeted, misc wiring problems diagnosed and now the trailer is standing by out in the on again, off again snowfall.

But that list of getterdones has been melting away at Mach 1.



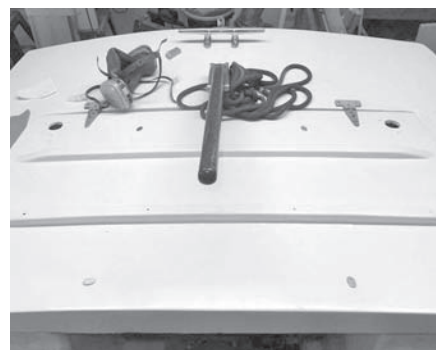
For instance, there was a slow leak in the bottom of the sump last October, the last time I did the leak test here at our local launch ramp. So in the very best tradition of belt and suspenders problem solving, I mixed up and poured about half of a gallon jug of Duck'pox into the bilge and soaked in some cloth and glass tape. This is that super slow stuff I get from Chuck. The biggest reason I use it is to avoid starting a fire from too rapid heat buildup. So anyhow, I leveled the bottom of the sump and mounted a 3,700gph bilge pump. Hopefully this will keep us afloat in a hard chance.



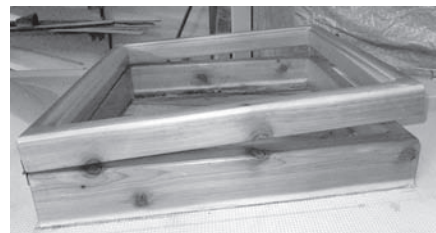
And then we tackled the problem of mounting a long shaft motor in a short shaft hole. It took about three pretty good solutions to get things looking probable. Anyhow, it's all in there now and ready for a functional check flight asap. As usual, the simpler idea was the best idea.



The old tiller got a new life as a standby steering device. The aft engine hatch needed stiffening and straightening.



The forward hatch got varnished and is now in line for its polycarbonate top.



That hatch was not my first choice, but after attempting to inch myself forward around the sides of the cabin, holding on to those hand grabs on the top, I succumbed to logic. It will give good ventilation to the head of the berth just below and stand in the hatch access to forward line handling and anchoring tasks. So it'll probably work out OK.

Anyhow, the list is getting real short. Time is getting real short. Biggest worry is that *Miss Kathleen* hasn't gotten any less tall. After those windows get installed on the day shift, it'll be crunch time to roll outside



for her first full length photos and a hoist up onto the trailer, of course. Just two weeks to Groundhog Day!

## Chapter 7.2

Chutzpah. We've still got snow piled up knee deep here in Almostcanada. The East Coast has scheduled an Epic Winter Storm for the current weekend and yet, somehow, Cleopatra, Queen of D'Nile, is still showing up for the Frankenwerke morning staff meetings with a bright and cheery smile. We're moving ahead with a pretty nutty plan.

My newly discovered friend, Dean, and I were simply ruminating about how useful it would be to test launch both his winter project boat and mine. It was a simple idea. Neither boat was actually ready at that time only a couple weeks ago. Both of us seem to have been classmates at the Getterdun School. Somebody said, "Well, when we gonna do this?" "How 'bout Groundhog Day?" And the rest is an avalanche, sliding down a greasy slope.

The local newspaper has already announced it. We're gonna do it, even if nobody else shows up. We're gonna commission our two floating lovelies. We're gonna go through the whole nine yards of traditional ceremony. Dean's even dug up a couple pet groundhogs to perform the opening act, complete with one or two of the local mayors. Our chosen launch ramp is at the nexus of two small towns that neither of us actually live in, but both call home, according to the post office anyway. It'll be quite the event and I'm a bit worried about the possibility of a spectacle. More on that in a bit.

I did go out and test launch the trailer. Seems like it'll work. And yes, that IS snow all around.



But first. *Miss Kathleen* has to roll out of the shop, through the garage and UNDER AN 8' DOOR FRAME. It's been too hard to actually tell how close we'll be to that overhead implacable object, but I've held to the notion that there will be at least an inch of space separating her cabin top and the doorframe. She's

already sitting on a building frame/cart that rests on rigid wheel casters. I've been fretting about this situation from project inception. And now, today or tomorrow or maybe the next day, truth will be told. Don't get me wrong. The schedule sheet says "Saturday." That would be today. The weather guessers are divided over "snow, freezing rain, freezing fog and a strong probability of precipitation." And once successful in moving boat and cart outside, the next thing will be to load onto the trailer in rapid succession. From then on *Miss Kathleen* will be stuck outside. So a spate of acceptable weather would be nice. A clear driveway will be essential. Getting all the windows sealed up, miscellaneous potential leaks dealt with, last minute painting and 'poxwork must be finished.

And still Cleo smiles and says, "It'll be OK." I sure hope she's right.

Much of the last minute stuff is edging toward being erased from the whiteboard. Most of it has already been forgotten about. We're moving ahead with great gusto and chutzpah.

There is yet another coat of green paint under those frilly letters. The deck has been repainted again.



I'm seeing some of the boat that has been wrapped in a billowing tarp/temporary room divider for so long, I sort of forgot the bow extended that far forward. In fact, I'm just seeing the entire profile for the very first time. Talk about chutzpah.



Some of these swoops and angles were created piecemeal and now like the song goes, "...what ever will be will be..." And admittedly these pictures were not well staged. There is a glump of extraneous lines and shapes overhead and behind that confuse things, still. But this one shows the essentially irreducible height of the building cart and that door opening.



Jim came over the other day to help me pull her this far and twirl around for the final exit and loading. Seems the casters have fallen on evil times with the growing weight they have been asked to bear over the past several months. They've each taken a personal jaunty angle and tend to swivel to the tune of six different drummers. Yep, push one way, and watch the whole shebang go off in another.

The Emergency Fakit Department guys have proposed a number of interventions. I really hope none of those off the wall hair-ball proposals will be necessary. But first, I'm already late for the day shift. I made up a whole bunch of big and little pieces of trim that are supposed to capture the windows and keep 'em from both rattling and leaking. There is a bunch of art still to be conjured up. Some of those windows are still sort of imaginary. But that's just how it goes at the table here around the morning staff meeting. Here at Frankenwerke.

Just call it chutzpah.

## Chapter 7.3

A big relief.



The job was barely started at this point and another coat of paint would have probably gotten us stuck. I knew when the cart tilted to go from floor level to driveway level things would start to get sticky. Somehow there was always light showing between boat and door frame. Soooooooo, no foul.

To put *Miss Kathleen* on her trailer, we had to make a few assumptions and to defy "common sense." My own especially. My son, Sheean, did the grunt work for his ol' man. I did the worrying for the both of us.





I got the tools together and a semblance of plan.



And an appropriate amount of hands on to justify my paycheck.



Granted this ain't exactly rocket science, other than that moment when I had the trailer and boat attached to Alice the Tractor and forgot to remove a wheel chock. Gotta admit that when I gave her the gas that lurch, slam and hitch coming off the ball were each in turn a bit disconcerting. And certainly a study in ballistics.

This job was a lot like getting ready for a surprise party in a crowded phone booth. I've never done this lift and switch with quite this big a boat, or with snow on the ground. It makes for problems maneuvering around cars and trailers and such. Anyhow, we went from cart to trailer more or less as planned.



And, then, after all these months (about four months to be more or less exact) of manic behavior, suddenly it got quiet around the Frankenwerke.



Our little girl was suddenly all grown up and ready for whatever comes next.



Tomorrow is a trial launch and leak test on the trailer. Then probably a bit of a sea trial, if history serves...

## Chapter 7.4

Beyond Hope. We've ALL had one of those days and yesterday was "one of those." Jim showed up with his diesel 4x4 rig and hooked up to *Miss Kathleen*. Our mission was pretty simple, go launch and do a sea trial. Simple.



The snow is getting slushy. The roads are more or less clear. Our official launch and commissioning party is just a week away. No prudent skipper will put his little girl up for public ridicule, even me. Sooooo, the idea was to do some testing before we have to go public. Simple.

We stopped at the local gravel yard scales and determined that I have just about replaced the weight removed with the ballast keel, give or take. She weighed in at 1,600lbs and the trailer just a touch below 1,200lbs. That's less than little *Lady Bug*, 6' shorter and a bunch smaller in the other two-D's. I suppose we're talking another 500lbs in Dinty Moore and equipage. A couple of people and we'll be down in the water about where Ol' Bill Crealock had her on paper back about 1960 or so. So far, so good.

Off to the Priest River launch ramp, close aboard to the PRYC.



It won't be for a few more weeks until those guys and gals will be out in their blue blazers playing croquet on the lawn. We had other stuff to deal with anyhow.





Jim is the World's Best Trailer Back-erupper, coupled with that big footed brute from Dearborn, it's just a pleasure to stand back and watch him work. I asked him to get the trailer fender in close enough to step across onto from the dock.



Perfect! But if you'll notice where the water is on the fender, we stopped about 2" from the goal post. The damn river simply flattens out from there and doesn't get really any deeper above the pavement. The powers that be pull the plugs on our lakes and rivers in the winter so those guys in the Tiki Hut can have 'tricity to run their beer coolers with the idea that God is gonna give us more water come spring to water our lawns, float our boats and flush our toilets. Sorry Dave, you'll have to run the 'hut on coal come summer. Anyhow.

We're a couple bright boys, we've done this drill a bunch of times before. We have a few tricks up our sleeves.



Nada point zip, water's simply too low. Dean showed up with his soon to be commissioned vessel and we gave the ramp over to him. Of course, his boat floated. Just enough longer, just enough proportionately buoyant in the stern. Who the heck really knows?



Dean was a happy camper.



We didn't actually take his boat away from the pier, the weight and moment crew needs to do some shifting of movable stuff first. But all things considered, his ship should fulfill the mission as assigned. Nothing left to do, except visit world famous AJ's Café for a late lunch before they close and throw us out. You could say that we caused a bit of a stir in little ol' Priest River, Idaho.



I guess you could say that Jim's expression says volumes.



Miss Kathleen wouldn't even lift a petty coat for us, she's firmly stuck on the trailer. Don't get me wrong. But that water and the snow around it are the same basic temperature. A whole lot of heroics to get a boat into it just might require a whole lot of heroics to get her back home again. Soooooooo, we'll just call it one of those days.

I pondered on this "simple" problem over much of the ensuing evening. Now that she's an outside boat, I had to stand around as the snow refroze under my feet and measure and fool around endlessly until the way forward

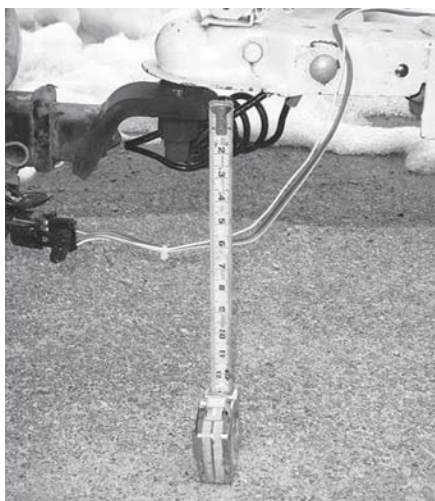


Never ones to give up without a good effort, Jim and I stopped off at the ramp designated for next week's festivities. Maybe? It just might be that couple inches deeper. Maybe?

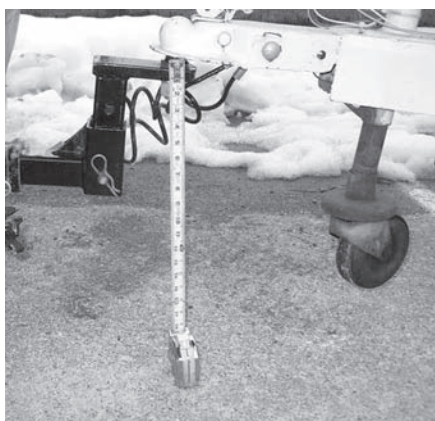
was marked with a semblance of science.

I'm pretty sure the guy who invented the wheelbarrow already had this figured out. Sure. You want to dump stuff out of your wheelbarrow, you just pick up the handles and lower the front. Pretty soon you've got a pile of buffalo chips or gravel or what-not gathering at your feet. So I figured if I could raise the hitch, I would lower the stern and float her off with n'ary a creak, groan or shiver. From this:





To THIS!!



Now we're cookin' with SCIENCE. What could be simpler? This is pure genius. Back to the ramp. This time I was so confident I went all by myself. Oughta be in and out in a flash. Here we goooooo...



And after about another hour, this is about as far as we got and this came with some somewhat timid backup and dynamite the brakes action a la metalflake bassboats on Labor Day. Surely time to go looking for another ramp. How 'bout LaCledé?



Amid all the other "NO" stuff the sign might have simply said, "No boats. No water."



So, after Dover, Sandpoint and a couple of other places along that track toward the western Montana line, I decided not to give up on Hope. The highway winds around Lake Pend Oreille and signs indicate first "East Hope" then just plain "Hope (Idaho)," then (no lie), "Beyond Hope."



The nice lady in the café (not open for the winter) allowed me to use the facilities. This rather fetching ad was on the wall.



They obviously didn't take this picture in January. At this point it was starting to snow. You can say that I was literally "beyond Hope."



When one more ribbon of concrete caught my eye. It's getting dark. I'm about 50 miles of two lane highway winding its way around a lake and over hill and dale. But "we've come this far..."



I had to climb a shale cliff to get this shot and pretended I had just completed my sixth or ninth birthday, not the combination of those numbers, as I slid down toward the ice water below, all the while wondering if I'd bust the camera when I hit bottom. But I was absolutely sure that I could see daylight under those trailer bunks. We were FLOATING!! And just to prove it, I put my boots back on and carefully tiptoed out to the winch. Kind of a bad time to remember that I hadn't brought any dry clothes with me, slip sliding around on those slimy concrete rails.



But THIS is what I spent two days, and drove over a hundred miles to witness. Miss Kathleen is FLOATING.



And pretty darn jaunty. There was no dock to work from and I decided to "act my age" for once and skip the possibility of doing a back flip off the bow just so I could rock her around a bit. That'll have to wait. For some screwy reason, I whistled the tune to "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" all the way home. All the way back from beyond Hope...



## Chapter 7.5

Rain. If I may paraphrase Dean, the Romans didn't come to the Coliseum just for the beer and hotdogs. It's all well and good that we are going to perform a creditable example of traditional seamanlike ceremony in a few days. But, if he is to be believed, the real reason folks will turn out is to see if "we'll sink." And that's a dare I simply cannot forego.

As I mentioned ad nauseum, the ramp we are planning to use is just too flat for me to get *Miss Kathleen* to even dip in a dainty toe, and I'm certainly not going to just chuck her over the side to make a point. We've got to be both elegant and safe.

So I went to The Big City yesterday in search of materials, tools and the ever illusive Brilliant Scheme. I came away with vestiges of a Plan A, B, C and a vague notion of Plan D. The one thing I DIDN'T consider was how wrongggg those guys and gals down at the weather guessing office can really be. We've still got snow piled up about chin high along our road and around the driveway. And yet it's been RAINING for over 24 hours straight. *Miss Kathleen* is no longer warm and snug in the shop, she's waiting more or less patiently in the driveway until we get done with the upcoming festivities. Then she'll swap places under cover with *Mobius* the stinkpot. Actually, *Mobius* is next up for overhaul, new floor, trim and foo foo changes. Stuff like that. But working conditions are less than optimal.



Especially since the real action is located under the trailer and over a pool of ice water.

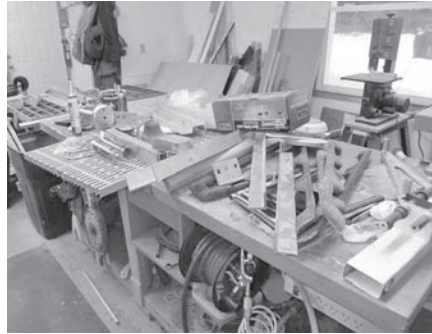


Shall I be perfectly honest? Not even The Boss showed up for work today. Last night I was out caulking an unexpected leak along the rubrails, flashlight under my chin, caulking gun suspended across my winter coat sleeve. Today it was time to get this launching business improved.

Basically I figure if I can raise the bow, the stern will float sooner. Obvious, but elusive in practice. If the rollers will actually ROLL, the process should improve. And if the keel can be set on something slip-

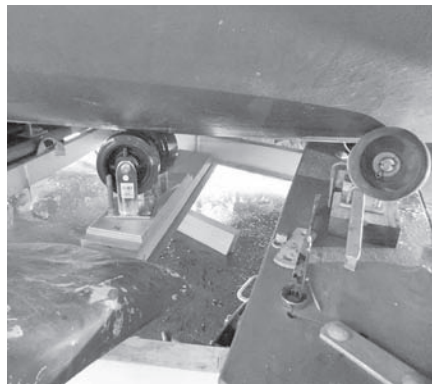
pery, leaving home should be less traumatic. Those were roughly the goals. Since nobody else came to work today, it was up to me to do all the brainstorming, finger smashing and kneeling in the puddle.

So out came an abundance of stuff. Tools. More stuff. Parts. Just plain junk. And a few more tools.



I drilled, bent, ground, reassembled, fussed, fumed and got wet. Half day tally: One probably still good idea. One probable success, with the potential for complete disaster. One gonzo, complete FUBAR. And one pretty good backup plan. And it's still RAINING...

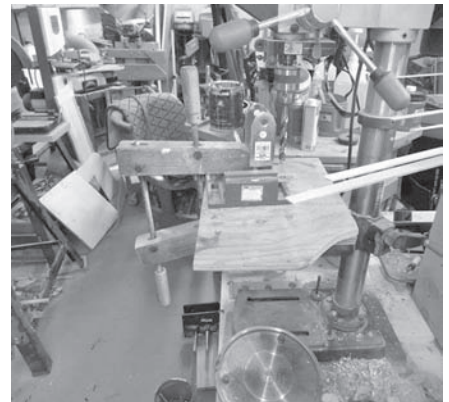
The idea with most potential is the one with least shop effort to be expended. I got a drawbar that will raise the tongue a total of 10" over the current one. That should equal an additional 6"-8" inches of depth over the part of the boat that needs it most. But if we're going to be doing this radical a water-slide, the bow needs to be let down in a more graceful manner as it slides away from the nose chocks. Enter Plan B. Basically, this took reassembling the wooden ("temporary") roller support. We ended up with a couple of fixed base 6" casters mounted at a 10° toe in. The toe in is to hopefully keep the bow centered while retrieving the boat back onto the trailer. This little task took a couple of hours. Waaayyy too long for what it looks like.



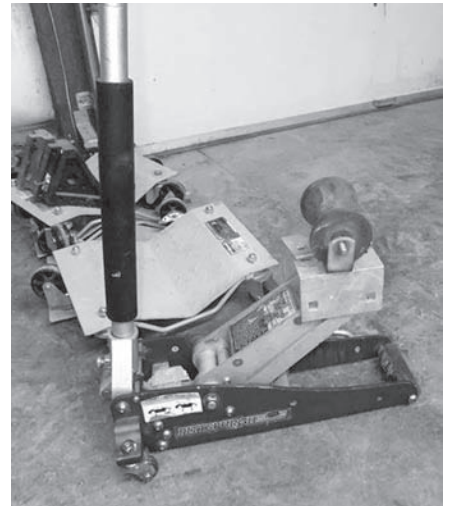
Like I said, it's just what the doc ordered. Or less than eel grass. Then I moved on to the piece de resistance. First out of the bag, this was supposed to be a pusher mounted to the winch mast. I did spend several hours fitting, fretting, fussing and eschewing. That just wasn't going to work. So next I tried to put in a platform (should actually be, otherwise, a good thing if it's necessary to clamber out on the trailer beyond the depth of my muck boots). The platform was initially supposed to be an alternate mounting spot for the scissor jack originally purchased to be the pusher device.

One of my bigger World Blocks today was the steadfast desire to avoid dragging a

crane all the way outside from the back of the shop. That would be to actually lift the boat free from the trailer and fraught with its own set of limitations outside and in the rain. So, after about a dozen brilliant schemes to get a folding, finger pinching, thing mounted and padded and manhandled from this location to the next, I just gave up.



But there were many, many clampings, drillings, cuttings and bendings along the way. So on to Plan D. I don't really want to do it this way but, given enough hose clamps, pipe cleaners, band aids and time, it just might be the answer.



All I gotta say is that Tom Edison went through a passel of filaments until he finally had an eureka moment. Eureka I can produce. But, it's just simply gotta stop raining...



## Chapter 7.6

At first blush, just before the sun set, the clouds thinned, the air temperature soared to 35° and part of the mystery of solo launching a big boat into thin water was solved.



So many ranges and viewing angles never before available. Some, a bit curious. Some, surprisingly successful. Soooo much trim to mount. So much paint to properly cut in. So many details yet to detail. At this moment, not much of that seemed to matter.



The boss is gonna be mad that I didn't take him along...

This is the label for *Miss Kathleen's* private stock brew that we'll smash across the bow next week. High class stuff!

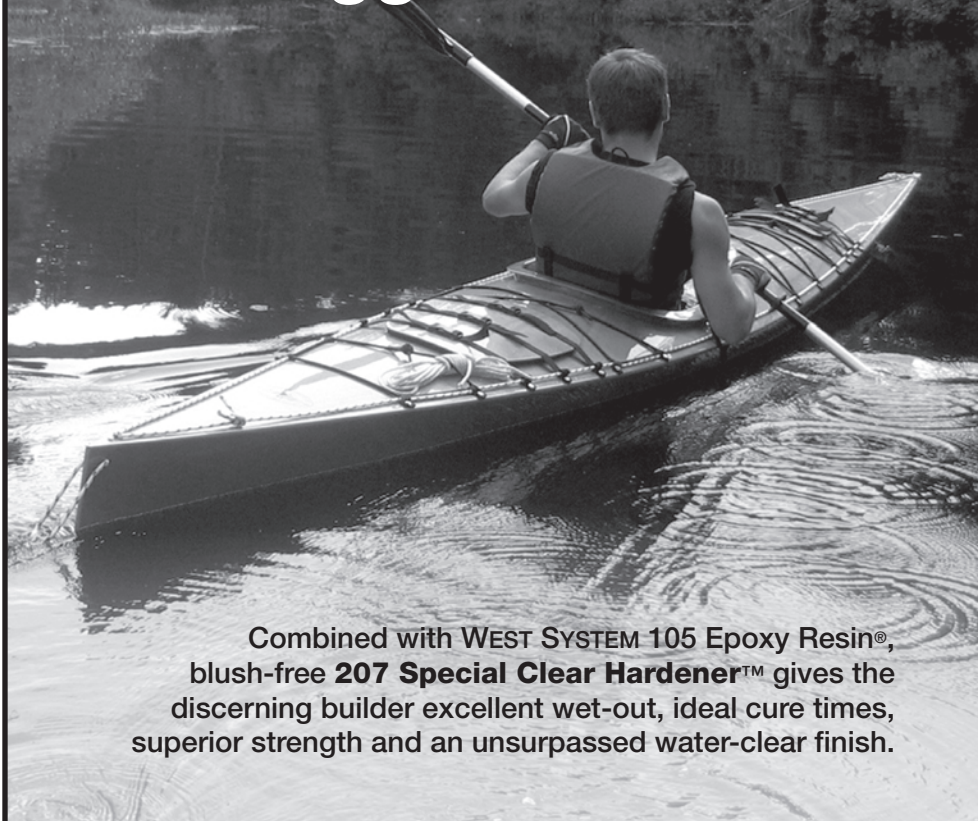
# KATE'S KÖLSCH



## Miss Kathleen

COMMISSIONED 2 FEB. 2016  
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A couple weeks ago Sam, the engineering genius, and I went over to answer a question. Normally it's ME that asks this kind of question so I was just flat out thrilled to get a shot at answering somebody else. Dean, a friend and colleague of Sam's, was a total stranger to me. No problem. This had to do with a boat.

After a career working with heavy machinery, Dean had decided it was long past time for him to have a quiet getaway, a floating getaway, one with full headroom, one with full sized doors and windows. A floating getaway that could both ride on a trailer and sport a pitched roof made out of metal to shed the inevitable snow loads we experience here in Almostcanada. A floating getaway with regular sized bunk beds and a full sized easy chair.

The question? Yeah, the question was pretty simple. "Will this thing tip over!?" Like I said, I'm normally the one who calls Sam with worries like that. I'm not quite certain what I expected to see when we walked behind Dean into his machinery repair shop, but I was pretty dubious when I looked up and up and up even more. From the ground up, not counting the antlers and flagpole, his creation was something like 14' to the roof ridge.



Well, Sam and I paced things off. We waved our hands around a lot and tried to look authoritative. Finally we decided that "probably not" would have to suffice for the question asked. Now for the unasked questions like what about windage? What about roll? What about maneuverability? What about launching? Stuff like that.

To put this all in perspective, this was smack dab in the middle of the month of January, not a real big time for bug spray and sun screen around these parts. Finally we narrowed things to the realm of experimental science. The only way to really learn these things was to put the boat to an actual test.

One thing led to another. This isn't the first time, but I found myself in that classic male only quandary. You know the one, where two boys find themselves daring each other to pee on the electric fence. Sometimes the only way to resolve that dichotomy is to just BOTH let 'er fly. We both had boats that needed testing. Both were a bit eclectic in design. Both were completely products of our individual imaginations. We needed to do a test launch. And pretty soon. So how did that morph into a formal christening ceremony, complete with a pair of groundhogs, two sitting county commissioners, one mayor, a regional Rotary potentate, a local playwright of considerable fame and about 40 onlookers from all imaginable walks of life? I can only guess, but it did.

It was High Noon on Groundhog Day. I struck eight bells on time and called the rabble aft to the quarter deck. We mustered two side boys. One produced a flute and piped our dignitaries aboard with flourishes of an Irish jig.

## Opening Day of Yachting Season

By Dan Rogers



The elected governmental officials issued a joint press release that not only established Rotary Park, in Oldtown, Idaho, as the natural headwaters of the Pacific Ocean, but they presented an edict establishing today as the Opening Day of Yachting Season. As MC and script writer, I may have had a small part in guiding events. But it's official. We here in Almostcanada have taken the lead over more somnambulant boating centers such as the likes of Seattle, San Francisco and New York even.

We, being of a more robust nature, probably didn't even notice the snow still at water's edge. We beseeched Poseidon and Aeolus for safe passage. We anointed the true headwaters of the Pacific Ocean with a specially bottled craft beer of local provenance. The vessels, *Dean of Pend Oreille* and *Miss Kathleen*, were entered into the traditional record as fully found vessels. It was quite a party, to say the least. But.



But that test launch and sea trial still had to be done. Assured that both the Sailors of Old and the God of the North Wind would now approve the venture, we continued the half dozen miles east to a more or less ice free launch ramp. With a bit of pulling and shoving both boats were soon floating and ready to get underway.







Suddenly a lot of work and a fair amount of worry just simply didn't matter. Both boats were afloat and proving themselves. Yes, that's a liberal coating of snow in the background and on the launch ramp dock. But I, for one, didn't really notice. The boats seemed to have a good time.

Hagar the Horrible (Dean) certainly did.

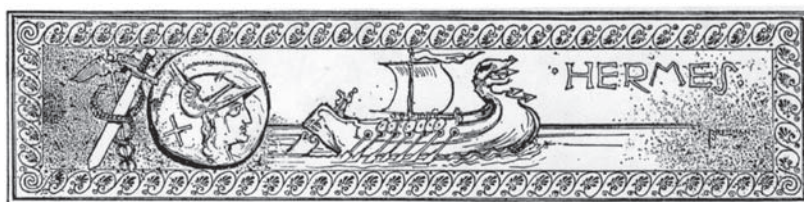


I was pretty pleased, myself. Certainly it was not an epic voyage, or complete test, but my new little girl really feels stable and seakindly. Her modified rudder seems headed in the right direction so to speak. Things are looking up.



The groundhogs predicted an early spring. Summer can't be far behind.

At right, from left: The playwright (who has terminal cancer and is conducting his own wake next week), a former county commissioner, an actor, a current city council member and yours truly and a glimpse of my wife Kate in the far left background.





## Traditional Boat of the Month The Bahama Dingy

By Mr Cleat



Bahamian Dinghy, *Peace 'n Rice*. (Copyright Benjamin Mendlowitz)

Look no further than *WoodenBoat Calendar's* "Miss January" for our "Traditional Boat of the Month!" A white hulled beauty under full leg-of-mutton sail with a pale blue interior which mirrors the darker blue of a tropical squall headed across the emerald green water, generating wind as it comes, giving the lucky boat person a fine ride. Just the thing for us winter jaded northeasters. A bit of warm tropical water on which to sail in our dreams. If you do not have a *WoodenBoat* calendar affixed to your shop wall, hasten to [www.woodenboatscalendar.com](http://www.woodenboatscalendar.com) and dream along with the rest of us.

What is so special about these small 10'-12' boats? How did they develop the way they did in the remote Bahamas? How would they do in our cooler, darker blue waters? Because of limited agriculture in the Abacos, people cultivated garden plots on outer islands and fished in between. What they needed was a burdensome, shallow draft boat seaworthy enough to make passages between islands that could be handled by a single person, either rowing, sculling or sailing. Not that it would ever run aground, but it needed to be ruggedly built with some heft to carry between strokes heading into a steep chop. It also needed to be built of local wood which was, and is, in short supply. The result was a very shapely hull with a shallow, replaceable skeg keel and a simple, unstayed mast which spread a low, easily reefable sail.

The shortage of wood led to an innovative way of building the boat, one might almost say minimalist. The heavy ribs are built of knees harvested from Great Abaco Island, soaked for six months in salt water, then hand cut to fit. The wood initially was ironwood, called locally "horseflesh" since it looked like salt pork after soaking (which the sailors called "Salt Horse"). Madeira (a local mahogany) or dogwood was also used. Those woods are not readily available so corkwood is now used, which is lighter but grows in brackish swamps so is very salt tolerant. Caribbean



<https://www.facebook.com/www.jgtsc.org>

pine was used for planks, but southern yellow pine is now used, it is not as resinous but turpentine and oils can be added.

The minimalism comes in when assembling the boat. No molds are used. The builder relies on his "eye" (called locally "by rack of eye"). He sets up the transom, shaped from experience, the stem and connects them all with deadwood, in modern times Douglas fir. Next comes the judgement part as he shapes an amidships frame around which he wraps on a few ribbands. For a boat with a 10' keel, a sailing dinghy usually has a 4'2" beam amidships and 3'4" at the transom. A powered dinghy would have fuller sections aft.

Adjustments are made, again from experience, as more ribbands are bent around and natural crooks selected to fit. Crooks take the shape of two lines meeting in a short, sharp turn which gives the dinghies vee bottoms and relatively straight sides joined by tightly rounded chines which, of course, makes for a very burdensome boat. Planking is carvel style.

The sail is interestingly minimalistic as well. It is loose footed and full cut with a large roach at the foot. The halyard is attached to a short "banana shaped" headboard, perhaps a vestigial gaff. The halyard is led forward and tied off to a pin at the stem, acting as a forestay of sorts. The clew outhaul is adjustable to change the shape of the sail, bellying out when going downwind, tightening when going upwind. The sail has reef points but they are rarely used since the sail cloth used is heavy canvas which bunches when reefed. Instead, a tricing line is often used which runs from the masthead, down under the foot of the sail, up the other side of the sail to a block at the masthead, then down to the mast or boom. It is a handy way to lift

the foot of the sail to see under when in harbors or to quickly shorten sail.

The tack of the sail has a line attached which, when cleated downward, tightens the luff of the sail. Note the method of attaching the luff, its line is continuous and wraps in alternate directions as it climbs the mast. This makes for an easier way to quickly drop the sail as it loosens as it drops. This is a good idea for other boats as well, we use a similar system on our catboat in lieu of mast hoops.

All in all, this makes for a fine little boat that is burdensome, fleet and seaworthy. It would be a fun boat for lakes and bays, particularly ones with a bit of a chop. However, the shape is complex and because it has been built for so many years by eye, there are few plans available. *WoodenBoat* issue #135 (March/April 1997) has an excellent article on the type as well as Winer Malone's construction method. Chapelle has a set of lines in his *American Small Sailing Craft* on page 227 but no offsets. Lance Lee's Apprentice Shop has photographs of traditional construction on their "Apprenticing Land & Sea" website, [apprenticelandandsea.com](http://apprenticelandandsea.com). The alternative, of course, is to cut some crooks, set up some deadwood, a stem and transom and string some ribbands the way the locals do it in the Abacos. Myself, I am planning to hop a flight to the Bahamas to do some on the ground (and sea) research.

## Joyful Travels 1949-2012

By Sydney Whelan

We are very fortunate to have one of the founding members of the Traditional Small Craft Association in our Chapter. It was a treat to have Sid Whalen sit with us at a meeting last year, reading from his handwritten notes of that first meeting, describing the participants (including Pete Culler in his knee high rubber boots) and how they took on Coast Guard regulations.

Sidney S. Whalen, Jr of Old Lyme, Connecticut, and New York City served four years in the Navy after which he went to law school, practiced trust and real estate law for eight years before moving into 30 plus years of working for nonprofit organizations, including the Museum of Natural History and over 20 years on the Board of Trustees of the Adirondack Museum. With Sid's permission we are able to reproduce here an excerpt of his book, *Joyful Travels 1949-2012*. This excerpt describes his trip to Seattle in 1979, which included a visit to Dick Wagner's Center for Wooden Boats on Lake Union in central Seattle.

### Visiting Seattle Area in 1979

"The meeting I attended lasted most of the week, but when my portion was over I took two side trips to Anacortes (on Vidalgo Island) and the Center for Wooden Boats in central Seattle. In Anacortes: Friday, I skipped the final half-day of the conference (my portion was over on Wednesday evening), and took a 6am bus to Anacortes on Vidalgo Island, south of Vancouver and 20 miles north of Seattle. I arrived at 8:30am to a good breakfast of pancakes at Susie's (lots of young, local people) and then visited Bob and Erica Pickett and their helper, Del.

The Picketts (Flounder Bay Boat Shop) specialize in boat quality lumber. Red cedar, Douglas fir, Sitka spruce, Port Orford cedar,



red oak, white oak, etc. About 30-40 species altogether, including some tropical hardwoods such as *lignum vitae*, mahogany (Honduras and Philippine) and iron bark. These are old growth, knot-free planks, up to 16'-18' long! They ship all over and perhaps 30% to Alaska for wooden fishing boats, which are still built and repaired in quantity there. This year they will ship 80-90m board feet and have doubled their sales each year.

They've been there for ten years and began specializing in lumber three years ago. They fill a need. The sawmills will now call them when they have a good log. A top quality old-growth log will yield 30% clear boat planking. If the tree is too old, some of the wood becomes too brittle, e.g., Douglas fir. So, for a fir the first-growth tree shouldn't be more than 200 years old. They also get blown-down logs from the Park Service on the Olympic Peninsula. But that's not easy. The logs are cut in situ, and helicopters bring them out.

The Picketts and Del took me to lunch and then we drove to the top of a hill (Town Park) in Anacortes. Some view, the San Juan Islands, Vancouver Island past the San Juan's, Olympic Mountains and the Cascades, all Puget Sound. The water is between 48° and 52° with strong currents, so the boating is tricky and you don't last long if you fall in. Advantages are that the winds are often right for sailing and fog is not much of a problem. Winter is mild because of the Japanese current. So, great for cruising.

Visited David Jackson's boat shop. He was remodeling an old grocery store and building a 45' Maine-designed pilot schooner for delivery late summer. He has several young people working for him. Dave is in his late 20s. They were cutting out their frame patterns. He showed me a 20' double-ended Norwegian rowing boat he built for two young women who rowed to Alaska in it last year.

I bummed a ride back to Mt. Vernon on Route 5 (where I changed busses for Anacortes) with a welder from a shipyard at Anacortes Yard, which employs 75-100 people. It has been in business for two years and they build 70'-90' foot steel fishing boats, fully equipped. They sell for \$3-4 million and have completed three in the last year. Currently they are building two more.

My ride was with a native of Ohio who moved to the coast when he was four. He had a 22 year career in the USN (damage control and ship fitter). He has a boat which he showed me pictures of, taking them from the glove compartment of his Datsun pickup and balancing his beer in the wheel. He nets salmon at night from July to September. In the San Juan's there are problems surrounding the local Indians claiming the rights to half of all fish caught.

Saw an osprey at Anacortes and wandered around the huge canning cooperative docks. I watched a man and a boy rowing the Jackson-built Norwegian double-ender against a 6-knot current. They did fine.

Traditional Small Craft at Lake Union: Saturday afternoon and evening in Seattle, Dick Wagner had a rowing and sailing meet on Lake Union followed by a potluck supper and slides. Dick is the owner of the Old Boathouse, one of a cluster floating on enormous red cedar logs anchored to the shore in the 1890s. He has 30-40 small craft, more sail than rowing, including three Minnesota-built Whitehalls.

I took one out for a few hours. Lots of traffic through Lake Union, 95% pleasure.

Some large boats under sail, many powerboats kicking up big wakes. I saw an 8-oared shell and quite a few gaff-rigged and wooden sloops which added some character to the fiberglass and plastic. It was clear and cool with a breeze. Met Brookes Towne, formerly the assistant editor at *National Fisherman*. He gave an interesting talk about the restoration of two old boats; beautiful work by a tug skipper. He salvaged brass fittings, paneling, etc. from scrapped vessels. Also saw slides of a 1978 Port Townsend wooden boat regatta, 120' down to dinghies.

The dinner spread was so elaborate that Wagner commented that the gathering appeared to be degenerating into a culinary competition. He had hoped for a rowing and sailing race but it never got going. Some salty types of all ages. Not many women. Dick has a 40' schooner for charter, built in the late '20s. Comfortable, cozy and full of character. *Sinbad*. His friends worked hard on his engine and got it started, after hours.

I found it difficult to imagine a race of more than a few hundred yards on the lake. The traffic both on the lake and out to the Sound is continuous and heavy. Lake Union

goes into Lake Washington to the east, which is a much larger body of fresh water. Lots of boating there, too.

Flying over the Cascades, one is struck with the clear-cutting of the forest. The cutting generally leaves large sections uncut, but that makes the contrast even more marked and the cutting often exceeds 50% of a mountainside. The Picketts said that there is still lots of good lumber left, it's just the more difficult to reach (and more expensive to cut). What fantastic forests they are that are left! Around Anacortes I saw many fir that were 4' to 6' across, straight up, without a branch for 30' or more. I didn't see one really meaningful statement on the preservation of the forest, only passing statements on forestry at the science center."

Thus ends Sid's travelog on his trip to Seattle. His next entry is about rowing a 16' guideboat while his son paddled a wood and canvas canoe across Blue Mountain Lake, a quarter-mile carry and then down the Marion River to Raquette Lake, NY. You'll have to ask him about that trip, the 28 birds he listed seeing in addition to 3 deer, 3 muskrats and one black bear Especially the bear..."

## Around the Boat Shops

**In Home Shops:** Peter Vermilya is hanging planks on his Delaware Ducker, removing them, then working up his nerve to actually apply epoxy on his glued lap version. Mike Magee has flipped his Jersey skiff and is being amazed at how much time it takes to fit all the miscellaneous interior pieces. Being ready for this year's Small Reach Regatta is still his goal. Carl Kaufman is also hanging planks on his new build, the *Maude and Emeline*, a low powered outboard Atkin skiff that he plans to use this summer in Block Island harbor. The rest of us are waiting for warmer weather for shops to warm up prior to spring "putty and paint time."

**At our Avery Point Community Boathouse:** Dan Nelson is leading a team, with Bill Armitage's support, building a replacement dory for our fleet. The topside panels have been scarfed and cut, then trimmed to lines, the transom cut out and beveled. Assembly cannot be far behind. With the dory up off the floor, John Symons brought his beautiful classic outboard skiff into the shop for a fresh coat of varnish. His goal is to clamp on the reconditioned '56 Johnson and take us all for a ride at our spring outing. I think he wants us to take him water skiing.

Andy Strode and Jim McGuire refinishing *Sand's* transom.

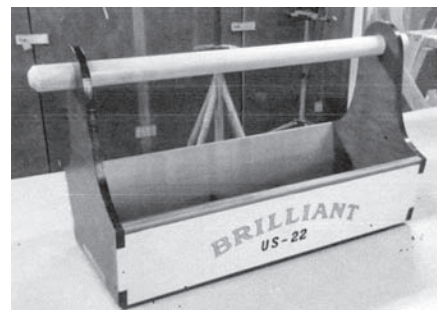


**At the Seaport Boathouse:** Your esteemed Publisher was talked into painting a whale on the new insulated interior doors to the Boathouse as well as sewing a draft blocking "snake" for under the doors. Andy Strode wooded the Catspaw dinghy *Sand's* transom to prepare for many coats of varnish. Soon after, Jeff Undercroffier prepared *Sand's* thwarts for fresh varnish and in the John Gardner Boat shop, Beetle Cat *Elvira Tucker* was fitted for a new cockpit cover. Meanwhile, next door at the Schooner *Brilliant* shop, volunteer Jim Downs contributed a new traveling tool tote complete with many coats of varnish and real gold leaf.



Karen Rutherford and Dan Nelson volunteering at the Small Boat Shop, Mystic Seaport.

New *Brilliant* tool tote by Jim Downs.





This year's winter update from the Buffalo Maritime Center is more of the same. More boat building, more programs, more designing, more boats, more activities and more volunteers and students. Less is NOT more and the Center has more. Much more than ever before. More projects, more classes for adults and kids. Ongoing programs with the Buffalo School System, Traditional Small Craft Association, TSCA programs that are now being started and plenty of on the water activities are being planned for this spring/summer 2016 season.

In the shop the *USS Trippe* is moving along and the work is progressing, albeit slowly. There was once a thought about getting this boat finished for a War of 1812 reenactment for summer of 2013. It looks like it may be a fun boat to play with if it ever gets finished, before the next 100 year anniversary.



The *USS Trippe* under construction.

Progress is being made with the new *Buffalo Wailer*. Currently her hull is being strip planked with bead and cove strips. The *Buffalo Wailer* is going to be a lighter, slightly scaled down version of the *Scajaquada*, the Flagship of the Maritime Center. It is to be a boat that can be trailered and thus be available for more on the water activities that the Center is involved in. The *Scajaquada* is too large and heavy to transport to and from various locations.

## Buffalo Maritime Center 2016 Winter Update

By Greg Grundtisch



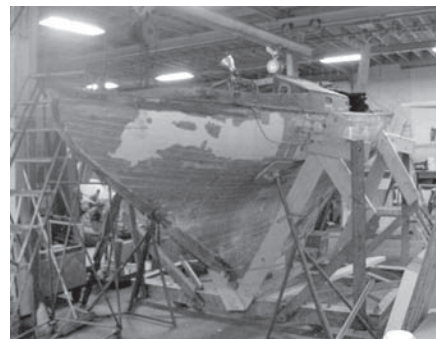
Gary Kresser working on the *Buffalo Wailer*.

Ongoing is the regular seasonal maintenance on the Center's boats for public use. The *OK Clark*, the Center's No Mans Land Boat and her mast are getting some seasonal maintenance touch ups by Steve Kasczynski after a rebuild last year. Same for the other livery boats that are used as rentals on park lakes in the area.

Steve Krasinski working on the *OK Clark* and mast.



There is a Scandinavian boat design in the shop that has just begun restoration. I will have to learn more about this when I can interview the owner. It is an attractive sloop that is undergoing extensive repairs and rebuild.



The Scandinavian design boat, unsure of its current owner pedigree but an exceptional looking vessel. The Center and the TSCA and volunteers will restore this boat to its original glory.

In the Maritime Center's classroom area there is continuous building of boats of various types and designs. Some are from the afterschool programs and others form the members' ongoing projects. Then there are the other boats being built and restored in various places in the shop. The ACBS has its area filled with boats in various stages of restoration, being readied for the summer season.



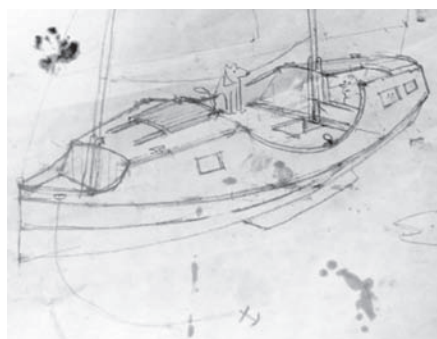
Three classroom shop boats under construction





Then there is THIS boat, the one that will instantly grab your attention. One of the more interesting boats that happened to be in the shop this year is the boat that Miranda Massey and Victor Guy have been working on this past summer through this winter. It is a design that is derived from the micro-cruiser designs of Matt Laydon and the imaginations of Miranda and Victor, as well as other "designers." This one of a kind design compilation was fleshed out by our director, Mr Roger Allen, then further details and drawings with sails and additions were made by our own Dr John Montague.

Dr John Montague and the others decided on this style of boat while at afternoon tea at the Maritime Center's Organic Tea Bar. It is here at this Tea Bar where the inspiration and creation for many of the design elements that go into these glorious vessels that the Center produces originates. A lot can happen with a good cup o' tea. There are those in Bradenton, Florida, who may dispute that.



This is the Guy/Massey, or Miranda/Victor boat, as yet an unnamed design. Photos were taken in late January.

This "minimalist cruiser" is scheduled to be completed by the end of February. The description of this boat was given as follows:

"A lot of the design elements were determined during construction based upon the actual space needed for minimalist cruising. An enclosed cabin for storage and a small cockpit forward, a sleeping area in the center cockpit under a tent of sorts with access to the fore cabin, the aft cabin where the bucket "head" is located, along with additional storage. Substantial tumblehome was added to produce a unique look and reduce outboard weight. Watertight bulkheads and foam under

the floorboards and hull add to the reserve buoyancy if needed. There is a footwell in front of the after bulkhead for seating comfort in sailing this very special designed boat.

Chine runners (an experiment) were used in place of a centerboard or the like to add space and eliminate leeboards. This is an experiment to see if they will work on a V-hull boat. Most are used on flat bottoms. There is a small anchor well forward and a kickup rudder aft. Pressure treated lumber and hackmatack were used throughout for structural members and a 3/4" ply bottom was added to the hull for more strength and durability for beaching. Everything that can be filled with foam was and the hull was completely covered in glass cloth and epoxy.

Plywood was used for the topsides and cabin sides. Ringnails, bronze screws and epoxy fillets were used for fastenings. The sails are lug sails, approximately 60sf, and the mast, mounted on a tabernacle, serves as a tent ridgepole for camping. There is a place for oars and a pair of ash oars will be a part of the equipment as well as a small electric trolling motor for safety. A recent water test proved the boat too corky and some internal ballast will be added to bring her down to her required waterline and to add stiffness to it."

Miranda and Vic are novice sailors but quick and eager learners. They spent many



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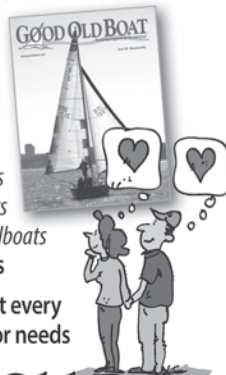
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evenings on the Buffalo Maritime Center's boats learning the basics of sailing and boat maintenance through the Center's free evening sailing programs.

The original plan was to take the boat to the west coast of Florida where they both grew up, where Miranda plans to set up a small business producing items of structural bamboo that she will grow in Florida. The sailing plans may be slightly modified and the boat looks like it will be shipped to Bradenton, Florida, for inspection and possible additions and alterations by Dave Lucas and the Happy Hour Tiki Hut Boat Builders at his remarkably productive, creative, cutting edge boat building shop on Florida's Gulf Coast.

The Buffalo Maritime Center's shop and facilities are open to everyone, Tuesday through Saturday, 9am-5pm and until 9pm on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Google the Buffalo Maritime Center for updates to regular happenings and special events that are upcoming for this season. The Center is always looking for more volunteers and instructors and those interested in this sort of boating fun. Email or call the Center. There are all sorts of things that can be done to help with the ongoing and expanding programs offered as well as building maintenance, clerical, promotion, etc available through the Maritime Center.

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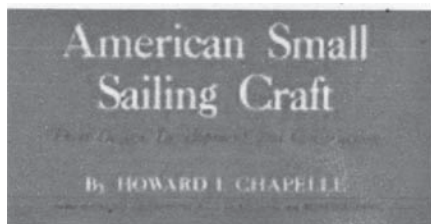
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## A Selection from the Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Forty-five summers ago I got a charity job from a cousin in Annapolis, Maryland, at his boatyard. Because I was making next to nothing, I really couldn't afford to carouse in the evenings after work and I was left twiddling my thumbs. My cousin Davis did have a small nautical library, however, and one of the books therein was *American Small Sailing Craft*, the TSCA bible as it were. Having always been extremely fond of history, I began to delve and in the introductory chapter and ran across the following arguments:



"Inexpensive to build and maintain yet are highly practical sailing craft. The plans are usually sufficient for the backyard builder to build. Each has been developed to work in its home waters and weather conditions and to meet the physical requirements of its employment. Built in many cases by the backyard builder or with local aid and available materials. The types presented here were selected with a view to possible amateur construction and experience indicates that the largest hull an amateur should attempt

## Thanks Howard

By Carl Weissinger  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter  
TSCA

is about 40' on deck. Any reader can find at least one craft that is appropriate for his locality and pocketbook."

Boys and girls, I was hooked! As it turned out my first boat was a dory (albeit designed by Phil Bolger) from another of cousin Davis' books. The second boat was a restoration of a Sam Rabl keel catboat which wouldn't point worth a damn. I then restored a Cape Dory 12 which had fallen off a trailer and broken its mahogany rub rail. My master Cecil Hughes had a pair of boat sides 20' by 16" yellow pine which I never got around to Chapelliating.

Years passed and another Annapolitan cousin, Mike, bought a Crawford melonseed and took me for a sail. I needed one of these but the \$11,000 seemed a bit stiff. I then remembered that Howard Chapelle had included the plan for just such a boat in *American Small Sailing Craft*. To the bible I went and *Re-Ducks* resulted.



So just who was Howard Irving Chapelle? Born in Massachusetts in 1901, he was raised in New Haven, Connecticut. He was given his first sailboat at the age of 12 and soon became determined to become a designer of small watercraft. Poor health prevented him from attending classes at Webb Institute of Naval Architecture, which specialized in big ship design and he received no more specialized education after high school.

However, in 1919 Chapelle began a ten year self directed apprenticeship working in boatyards, design offices and shipyards. He learned valuable lessons in the process from some of the great naval architects of the time. After 1936 he went into business for himself and later served as the head of the New England section of the Historic American Merchant Marine Survey, a New Deal project designed to research American naval history and staffed by unemployed marine architects. During WWII, Chapelle served in the

US Army Transportation Corps ship and boat building program. In 1950 he ventured to England where he researched colonial ship design on a Guggenheim fellowship. In 1956/7 he served the US Food and Agriculture Organization as a consultant on fishing and boat construction to the government of Turkey.

Upon returning to America he was appointed Division of Transportation curator of the national Museum of History and Technology, a Smithsonian branch. Ten years later, in 1967, he stepped down as curator to assume the role as Senior Historian. He retired in 1971, accepting the role of Historian Emeritus. He died in 1975.



So what of his publications? The following is from Peter Spectre, past editor of *WoodenBoat* magazine:

"Before he was 30 years old Chapelle had established himself as a practicing small craft designer and serious scholar of the history of naval architecture. He published his first book in 1930 but his 1941 *Boatbuilding* and 1951 *American Small Sailing Craft* became the most influential. Though criticized as poorly organized and lacking some critical information, the books were a boost to the wooden boat revival which began in the late 1960s.

Chapelle documented the boats from a traditional American maritime culture that had been overtaken by the engine powered vessels, his detailed plans and exquisite drawings of North American boat types from the colonial times to the 1930s encouraged readers to resurrect the old workboat types. Even though some of Chapelle's adaptations of historical designs were imperfect, and he did not like sailing much himself, he is considered to have single handedly defined the scope of the history of small vessel naval architecture. He had no formal academic training but is viewed as an energetic and knowledgeable amateur who was driven to document as much of the small craft culture as possible before it disappeared entirely."

The following is a list of the books authored by Chapelle:

*American Small Sailing Craft*  
*Yacht Designing and Planning*  
*Boat Building-A Complete Handbook of*  
*Wooden Boat Construction*  
*The Search for Speed Under Sail*  
*The Baltimore Clipper*  
*The American Fishing Schooners*  
*A 14' Chesapeake Sharpie Skiff*  
*The National Watercraft Collection*  
*Bark Canoes and Skin Boats*  
*Chesapeake Bay Crabbing Skiffs*  
*The American Sailing Navy*

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## Another Twelve

This started some time ago, shortly after selling my done over Lehman 12'. I've missed that little girl since the day I sold her. I liked her smallness, ez launch and recovery, her backpacking sailing ability, thin water explorations where others only wish they could go. Exciting? Pick your place on the scale, 1 to 10, the choice was open as always.

For overnights, thinking as a back-packer, not much else is needed, it can all be carried in the boat, not on the back. Much easier on these older bones. Tie everything in, the correct boat, warm water, a capsized is no biggie.

The closeness one feels solo hiking is there on the water as well. Leaving Cove one day, because wind conditions had brought higher water, I could sail in an area that was usually off limits. Starting off nicely does not guarantee a better sail, but it did happen just the same. Crossing the Intracoastal and getting up close to the opposite shore I saw the telltale signs of rays in the water, seeing several fins above water drew me in. Soon I was above a migration of rays going north in thin, thin water. They were everywhere, port and starboard, fore and aft, they were banging on the bottom of the boat, it was great, amazing. God's creation, up close and personal.

A small boat, coasting along quietly, very nice. I don't need much room. Generally once I sit down, there I am, another 30' in front would only keep me off the shoals. I'll not be crossing oceans in my twelve, of that I'm fully aware, however, continents can be skirted, a little at a time. It's been done.

Will I? Who knows? I've learned, for me anyway, best to say where I've been. And recently I've been north, another twelve followed me home. I'd narrowed the pick to two possibilities, missed the first one. When the second call came in I was going north within 20 minutes. A fixer, yes, yes,

## Thoughts While Afloat

By Michael Beebe

I know! I've never had a boat that wasn't, nobody has. This little jewel planes, comes with a spinnaker and plenty of dreams. Who knows where this one will take me, I sure don't. I am anxious, though, to find out.

## Raising and Lowering

Raising and lowering the mast, standard of living, or call it downsizing. Bridges need to be gotten under if we're to sail the other side. Applied to life, if we've the foresight to see upcoming bridges and they are clearly marked with a bit of attention. Gin poles, blocks, tackles, lines, all set up and at the ready with the knowledge to use and implement, should get us to the other side, continuing the cruise. This readiness, seamanship, also makes the unforeseen much more manageable. A lowering of living standard ahead of financial storms could very well be the means by which we emerge on the other side still floating.

As in lowering the mast being but a temporary amount of time, there is still work involved, crew to be taught, things to be looked after. The game of baseball, said my grandfather who once played major league ball, will teach a person a lot about life. To a ten-year-old such knowledge went over my head like a fly ball. Years later I realized my grandfather's wisdom. "If the ball comes to you, what are you going to do with it?" Get ready, the next bridge is just around the bend. What's the situation? The surrounding terrain, wind blocking bluffs, trees, pirates! Man the guns! Dismasting, ugh! The unforeseen breakage of good old wear and tear.

What to do?

Sailing my 27' sloop solo out through the Long Beach breakwater of Southern California, the chop and congestion being about normal, various boats, pleasure and commercial, coupled with the ship being brought in by two tugs, I lost a spreader. Fortunately on the leeward side, no immediate danger, I had some time, a little. But now, upon going through the passage of the breakwater channel, I was also on a lee shore, the breakwater itself. Only habit got me through this one. The upper shroud useless, the lower still good, the chop was such it rendered the outboard inoperable until I got back inside due to cavitation of the prop. Lashing the tiller kept me on safe course, allowing me to go forward to drop the foresail, secure it, takes its halyard back to the problem stay's chain plate, secure it there and apply as much tension as possible, all the while considering the mayhem that could be let loose at any moment.

Jury rigged, jib down, come about with enough space before incoming ship, knowing if I missed this one I'd be on the rocks. It worked, it held and back inside, out of the mix, I was able to lower the mainsail and continue back with the outboard. What got me through? God's grace actually. It could have all come down despite any of my actions. Sometimes it's just out of our hands, seamanship kept me busy doing the necessary things, but I was in another's hands. We often read of the "three event thing." One failure leads to two more, which leads to loss of ship. I was looking at far more than two.

The unforeseen problems in life are just dealt with when they happen, to continue blissfully in denial when foresight can be used is downright stupid. To paraphrase: A prudent person sees danger coming and hides himself, but the naive keep right on going and suffer for it.

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## Hey, when the water comes to my yard...





# Further Notes on Buoyancy: Lune Longboat **anwen** by David Chatterley

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



I BOUGHT ANWEN, my Lune Longboat, as a bare hull moulding in 1999 and fitted it out to my own

specifications. I figured at the time that I would find it very difficult to right such a large boat from a capsize by myself, and therefore

would need all the help I could get from the internal buoyancy, etc. Consequently I based the design on the self-righting type of sailing lifeboat described in Bulletin 227.

Although completed some years ago, it has never actually been put to the test in anger. However, following Brian Hill's experience as recounted in Bulletin 222, some checks became imperative, so 13th October this year saw me at Coniston Sailing Club carrying out buoyancy tests. DCA and Coniston SC members David Bone and Frank Dearden kindly came along to assist and observe.

## **Buoyancy & Stability Tests: ANWEN, 13-10-2015**

### **Kit on board at the time:**

All spars, but no sails; gaff resting on the boom, the latter at





normal height for sailing.

Two 12-inch round fenders and one sausage fender in a wet locker.

Normal sea-going ground tackle: a 2kg Bruce, chain and warp as a kedge, and a 15lb CQR and chain as bower, all lashed in on the cockpit floor.

25kg concrete block lashed in the OBM well in place of the engine. (5HP 4-stroke Honda)

Centreplate raised throughout, also rudder blade.

### Procedure

The boat was launched, and taken to the lee side of the landing stage at the deep end. It was then allowed to drift downwind away from the stage on two warps until about 5m from the stage. A rope previously attached to the main mast head was then pulled from the stage to heel the boat. It required the combined efforts of a number of us pulling on the rope to get the inner seat edge under water so that the boat filled. The boat would only lie with the masts

horizontal if the truck of the main mast was physically held down.

At this point I hooked the 5ft long boat hook into the knot at the main masthead and forced the mast downwards under water to the full extent of the boat hook, at which point the righting effect was so strong that I was unable to keep the boat hook vertical, and the boat slewed to the side bringing the mast to the surface again. When the masthead was released the boat rolled upright quite rapidly. A considerable amount of water was observed to escape overboard through the scuppers in the process.

On hauling the boat up to the landing stage it was found that the level of the water remaining in the cockpit was approximately 9 inches above the floor boards. With this amount of water aboard, the boat supported my weight when standing at the extremity of the beam. First two of us, and later three, got aboard and between us bailed out completely in 20 minutes. No water appeared to have entered

through the Henderson hatches or the main round hatch.

### Notes

With the mast head five feet under water, the angle of roll is about 110 deg. It was not possible to try the effect of greater angles of roll as there was insufficient depth of water for the masts.

### The photographs show:

i) (*Previous page*) Anwen floating on her side as David Bone holds the masthead down.

ii) (*Bottom previous page*) The water remaining on board after the boat rolled upright.

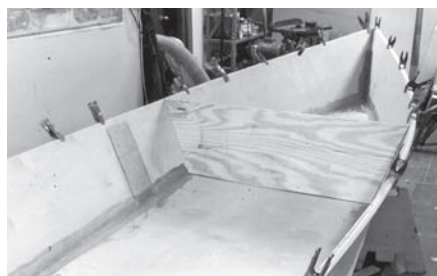
iii) (*This page below*) The effect of me standing at the extremity of the beam with the water aboard. DC



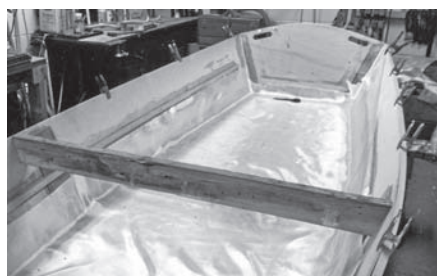


My skiff, the *Oar Boat*, has the bottom glued on, sort of. I wanted to make a much stronger seam along the chine so I started by epoxying a 3' fiberglass tape into the seam covering the patches that I had done earlier. That helped but I wanted to also build up a fillet on the inside so I could round up the outside without sanding through the hull. I made a tool from a strip of plywood a little over 1" wide and about 8" long. I rounded one end of this stick. This gave me the radius that I wanted for my fillet.

I mixed some epoxy and stirred it up well, then added some Cabosil to thicken the epoxy. Cabosil is fumed silica. It is a rather fluffy additive that will thicken the mix to any desired thickness. I kept adding it until I had a peanut butter consistency. Then I started applying it over the seam. The round end of my new tool made just the size fillet that I wanted. I used a putty knife to remove resin from beyond the fillet. This went back on the tool to continue the work.



Before I went any further I wanted to epoxy on the seat rails, they had only been screwed on earlier. They came off one at a time and got coated with epoxy. I also coated the inside of the hull where they were to go back on and screwed them back in place. These screws would come out later. After this was well cured I wanted everything smooth as I could make it before glassing the inside of the bottom so I did bit of sanding. I did a good cleanup, then unrolled the 50" 4oz fiberglass cloth covering the bottom and cut it to length. This fabric went from the seat rail on one side to the opposite rail at the center of the boat. It needed some trimming toward both ends. I trimmed it to just reach the bottom of the rails the whole length of the boat.



I mixed a good size batch of epoxy and poured it down the center of the bottom. I used a 3" roller on my small roller frame. I use this small roller to spread the resin out. I work it both ways toward the sides, then up the sides. I had to mix several batches of resin for this job. When everything was wet out up to the seat rails I worked more on, moving the cloth around and smoothing it. I made little snips in the corners so the glass would smoothly fit into the corners. This all went well except for the lump caused by the butt block. I made a cut across the top of the butt block, then smoothed the cloth down into the corners caused by the butt block.



## By Mississippi Bob *Oar Boat* Part 2

Since I was sticky anyway, it was a good time to epoxy the rest of the interior all the way to the gunnels. My shop was about 65° this day so I put small electric heaters under the ends of the boat to warm up the bottom. I didn't want to wait forever for a cure.

It was well cured the next morning when it was time to turn the boat over. I questioned whether I could do this alone but, after removing the temporary rails and all the spring clamps, I rolled it upside down with no real problem. Now I am looking at the bottom for the first time and it was ragged. I had intentionally left the bottom panel oversized and I had a lot of plywood that had to come off. The overlap was up to 1" in places so the next problem was how to remove it. I started with the belt sander but soon realized that would take forever that way so I got out my saber saw.

The sides of the boat are 15° different from the bottom. My saw has no way of setting the cutting angle at 15° but I can remove the bottom of the saw and hold it at any angle I want. I didn't want to scratch up the sides with the vibrating saw blade so I dug around in my tools and came up with a cement trowel, one of the pointy ones that is used for laying blocks. I used this tool as a guard and held it up tight against the bottom and this protected the sides as I cut off the surplus.

Now it looked much better and it was time to start rounding up the chine. I got out my belt sander and started grinding. I used the seams in the plywood as guides to get a smooth radius. It took a bit of sanding but it eventually looked pretty good. I then changed to my random orbital sander and finished this job. I had sawdust everywhere but it got swept up and it was time for more glassing.

Before I glassed the bottom I wanted another fiberglass tape over the rounded corner. I had some 4" tape that I planned to use. I rolled it out the length of the boat and cut two pieces to length. I also carefully rounded all the ends of the cut tape and pulled out a few strands from the ends so they wouldn't plague me later. I cut the part for the transom and one piece to cover the seam in the bottom and two pieces to cover the stem. These all got rounded and a few fibers pulled out of each. I can't emphasize this enough, it is so much better to lay glass and not get all these loose fibers messing things up.

More resin and this time I used a 1 1/2" brush to spread the resin. I buy these brushes

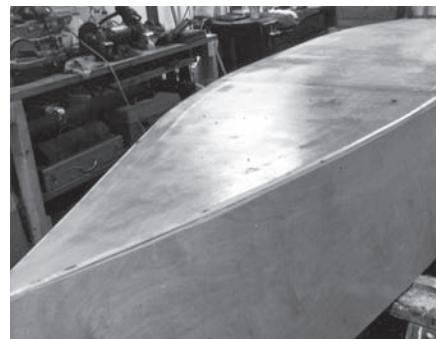
cheap, real cheap at the Dollar Store. I painted the wooden surface about 6" wide, then laid my glass down and wet it out. I made sure that I had epoxied beyond the edges of the tape because I wanted to sand these tapes well before putting on the main sheet of cloth and I didn't want to cut into the plywood bottom.



Glassing the bottom went pretty much as planned. I was using more of the 4oz cloth that I bought for this job. I cut a piece to length and spread it out on the bottom. It went from one gunnel to the chine on the opposite side just as I had planned. It went way over the far side near the bow nearly reaching the farther gunnel. It took a lot of resin to wet this out and when it was all wet I began to work out the wrinkles. I cut and fitted the glass to wrap around the stem and overlapped the two sides. I had one very stubborn wrinkle that just wouldn't go away so I cut this with my old working scissors and then the two sides overlapped and it smoothed out just fine. I wanted to smooth things up before glassing the opposite side so more sanding was needed.

I was rushing things too much. I thought that the resin had cured but I found that I was clogging up my sanding disks. I should have waited another day and the sanding would have gone better.

The starboard side went better, no bad wrinkles to fight. I had cut the cloth a little shorter so it didn't wrap around the stem. I didn't think I needed any more cloth on the stem. I will put one bias strip over the stem before applying the final coat of resin. A bias strip will contour around the sharp corner better than the overlapped ends did.



I have avoided the transom up until now. I wanted it to look like mahogany so I intentionally didn't glass it. I have stained it with a cherry stain, then I will give it one layer of glass that overlaps onto the sides and bottom. I want the stained transom to show through. This will have to wait as I need to go to the city for more resin. There are a lot of unfinished details that will be done when I continue.



## Oar Boat Part 3

I bought some more resin and I am ready to get back to work. The next thing I want to do is to stain and then glass over the transom but this created some problems. When I glassed the hull I did wrap some of the glass over the transom near the bottom. I sanded off any epoxy that had wrapped around the sides but the bottom had about 3" of glass across the bottom and the stain would not set up at all over the glass so I had to wipe it back off.

My plan will have to change. They call it paint, folks. My daddy taught me that a 1/4" of paint covers a multitude of sins. I cut a piece of cloth to fit over the transom and wrap on the inside of the sides and also onto the bottom by about 2". This went on with no further problems and it was time to move on to the next operation.

I wanted a pair of skegs, or should I call them runners on the bottom. I bought a 1"x2"x10' piece of poplar. I ripped it down the middle and I had two 1"x1"s. I used my scarfing jig and tapered both ends of these pieces. These skegs were located near the sides of the bottom and carefully laid out to be parallel to each other. I screwed them in place with some thin drywall screws. I drew a pencil line next to the wood, then backed out the screws and mixed some epoxy. I epoxied where the skegs would fit and also the bottom side of the skegs. I next added some thickener to the remaining resin and spread that onto the skegs before screwing them back on. After replacing them I mixed another small batch and coated all the way around the skegs and onto the boat bottom about 1" further out.



While I was still hot I cut out some small bias patches. I cut two from some 6oz cloth one larger than the first and one more much larger one from the 4oz fabric. I rounded the lower corner of the stem with my belt sander, then wet it out and laid on the smallest piece and wet it out. Next came the other 6oz piece and finally the 4oz piece covered this all up. I am always impressed with how well these bias strips will wrap around tight corners.

I wanted to give the outside another coat of resin but first the hull needed a lot of sanding. I had to smooth up the surface before adding any more epoxy. Right now is a good time for a little dissertation about sanding. OK, what can I say about sanding?

Years ago the late Gene Jensen, the designer of many racing canoes, once told me that the one word that defines canoe building was "SANDING." If you are going to sand a boat you should have the right tools. I remember a case at the St Paul Yacht Club where I was working at the time. One of the members was sanding the hull of his 45' houseboat with a little toy sander with

a 2"x3" pad similar to my Makita. I don't know how many hours he spent on his job but I thought this was rather silly. I use better tools building canoes. If the man could afford a big houseboat he could probably also afford a sander.

Most of my sanding is done with my Bosch 5" random orbit sander or my little Craftsman belt sander. I have others but those two get the most workout.

We also need to use good sandpaper. The cheaper stuff is a poor deal. As a boy I learned some bad habits from my dad. In his mind sandpaper was still good as long as there were still some grit on it. I, for years, pushed the sandpaper much too far. When I was working for Hooper's Yachts Bill Hooper was watching me work one day and he finally came over and said that my wages were costing him more than the sanding discs that I was saving by not changing them. I got the point. On the *Oar Boat* I was sanding epoxy smooth on the outside of the hull prior to giving it a second coat.

There are a few tricks that I have learned about this job. First, if the sandpaper clogs up it is because the resin has not fully cured. When it is cured we should be making dust. I made that mistake on the inside before rolling the boat over.

The bottom didn't require much work but the sides were a different story. It didn't look bad until I started sanding. Immediately all the bumps and runs began to show up. The bumps turned white as soon as the sander hit them. What I did was to sand the entire area rather quickly using the flat surface of the sander and found all the blembs. There were a lot of runs on the sides. After the blembs showed up I spent much more time using the edge of the disk to remove them. I can tell when I have finished a spot because the area next to the run begins to turn white. The sander has now reached the surface in this area.

The bottom, like I said, required very little work. There were a few small bumps and the texture of the weave of the 4oz cloth. I went quickly over the surface. I did not want to cut into the fabric and only hit the tops of the weave. I was now ready to apply the second coat of epoxy that went on very well. When the second coat was cured it was time to roll the boat right side up again and start on the interior.

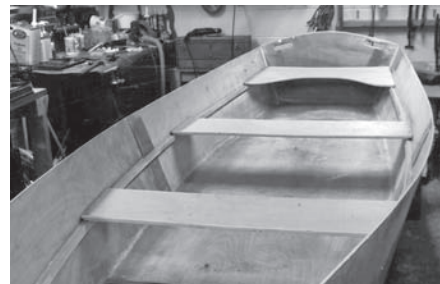
It was time to decide where to put the seats. I am not a marine architect so placement of the seats is somewhat by guess. I wanted to be able to row solo from the rear rowing station without sinking the stern too

deeply so the real magic is to guess where to place this part. The forward station will be placed where I have decent leg room from the rear seat so I separated them by the length of my inseam, 28".

I have learned from past boats that I like the oars to be about 14" from the edge of the seat. I have also learned that I like to face forward when maneuvering in close quarters when rowing solo. With the oar locks halfway between the seats I can turn around and move the oars forward and push on the oars and row that way. The 28" spacing is just right.

The finished boat will be painted up to within a few inches of the rails. Above that it will be varnished. The seats will also be left bright. The seats are setting on the seat rails. They will not get screwed in until the painting is done. The seats are laminated from three layers of 1/2" plywood. The top layer is my poor man's mahogany, lauan underlayment. It will varnish up and look very nice.

The seats are coming along well. I still have to finish the little wedge seat in the bow. I have a router and I used it on this job. I mounted a 1/2" roundover bit and rounded the edges of the seats. Then I cranked up my little 1942 jointer and set the guide at 15° to match the side angle. I made repeated passes across the ends and fitted the seats. I kept this up until the seats matched the sides and sat flat on top of the rails.



The rear seat fit nicely against the sides and also the transom. It is one of those wrap around seats that the old timers loved. A little detail, but really quite neat.

I am off to Mexico next week but I do want to epoxy the inside another time and give the seats two coats before I go. When I get back the resin should be well cured and one final sanding then varnish on all the parts I plan to leave bright and paint on the rest.

There are still a few details to do like making some oars and installing the mahogany rails that have been stored all winter. Remember they were the first parts that I made.

I will be back.





## Scarfig Safety

By Rick Ramsey

This needs to be discussed before someone is hurt, following Mississippi Bob's direction on scarfig in December issue "In My Shop."

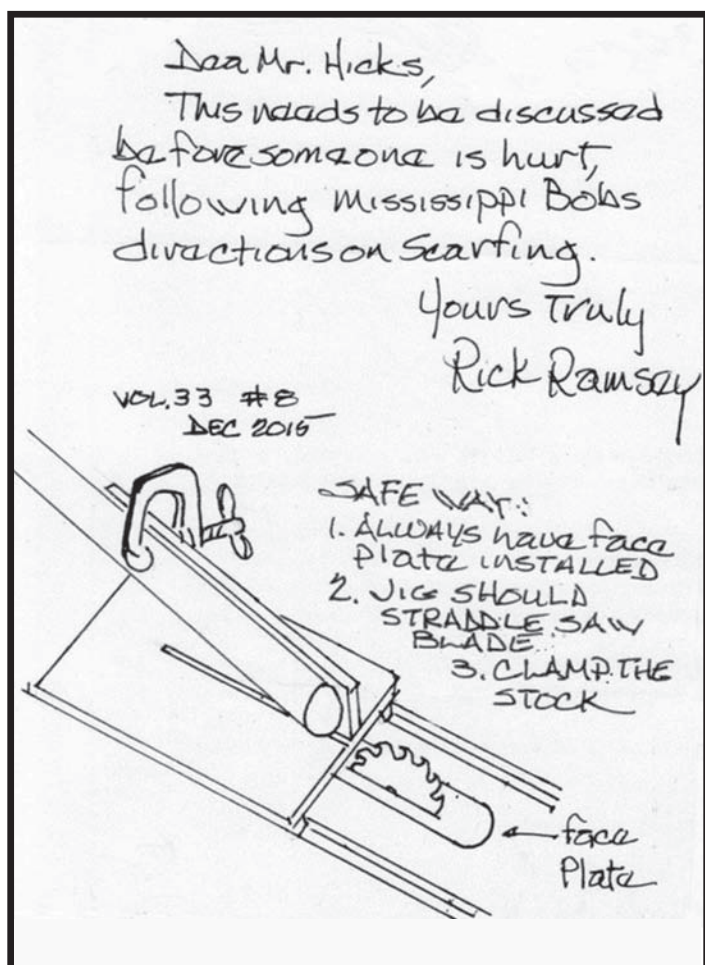
Safe Way: Always have face plate installed. Jig should straddle saw blade. Clamp the stock. See diagram.

### Mississippi Bob Replies

The jig that he shows is very much like my first one. I realized its limitations and I mentioned them in the article. The photo that I sent shows the work clamped with a spring clamp. With my little table saw I couldn't get the depth of cut that I sometimes needed. The thickness of the base had to be subtracted from the radius of the blade. I built the second one in order to get a deeper cut. The work doesn't ride on the base plate. I also made the handle much longer so my hands don't need to get close to the blade.

As far as the faceplate that he mentioned, it has somehow in the 70 years since the saw was first built, disappeared. I have made a wooden one but the only use I find for it is when I am ripping very thin stuff.

I am always happy to know that people read my stuff.



## SHAW & TENNEY

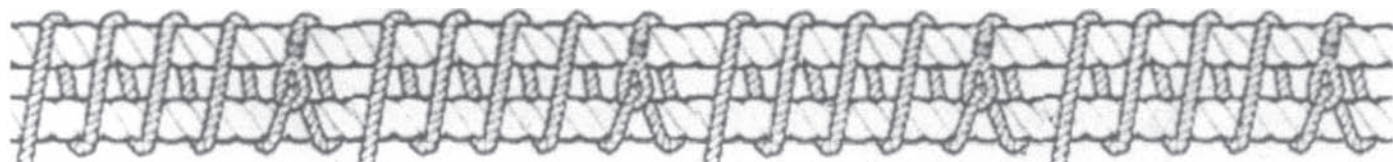
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Based on a classic New York Whitehall in the Mystic Seaport collection, the Shenandoah Whitehall is a much lighter and easier to build skin on frame adaptation, superb as a rowing craft and capable as a sailer with the addition of a simple spritsail rig. She's constructed of marine ply and cedar or redwood stringers. Skinned with 8oz polyester, the rowing version weighs about 55-60lbs with full flotation under the thwart. She's relatively easy to carry and cartop, no trailer necessary! Don't take my word for it though, check out this review by Dr Darryl J Strickler, the author of *Rowable Classics*:

"I had the great pleasure of test rowing the Shenandoah Whitehall for full week in Maine last July. During that time I put her through her paces in all types of water conditions from heavy chop to smooth water. I'm happy to report that she performed admirably, even in a quartering sea, and was extremely well mannered in all conditions. Handling her on land was also a pleasure because she weighs so little compared to similar boats.

And speaking of comparing her to other boats, I tested her for real time speed against an Eddon Gig (Whitehall) which is almost exactly the same length and width with a very similar hull configuration. I used the same Garmin Forerunner 305 GPS device attached to each boat, in turn, to get actual speed read-



ings and rower heart rate as an indicator of energy output. So here's what I discovered:

At exactly the same time of day on the same stretch of the river using the exact same oars and the same GPS device and producing the same heart rate, I found that the Shenandoah Whitehall was nearly twice as fast as the Eddon Gig which is a rather heavy, fiberglass layup with wooden rails! Not that speed is the only issue per se, but by simple logic the Shenandoah Whitehall should require only about half what it takes to row a more typical fiberglass or wooden Whitehall. It also requires much less effort to move it around on land as well! Or, when put another way, one can row twice as far on the same bowl of Wheaties and who doesn't like that idea!"



Here's a list of more of our skin on frame plans and kits that can be seen on our website at [www.gentrycustomboats.com](http://www.gentrycustomboats.com):

Wee Lassie Classic Solo Canoe  
 Chuckanut 12 Recreational Kayak  
 Chuckanut 10s and 12s Smaller Kayaks  
 Chuckanut 15 Solo or Tandem Kayak  
 MobJack Bay Greenland Kayak  
 Disco Bay/Dreadnought Greenland Kayaks  
 Ruth Hi-Performance Rowing Wherry  
 Rushton IGO 16' Classic Canoe  
 Boardyak Paddleboard  
 Splinter Outrigger Sailing Canoe  
 Lanui Standup Paddleboard  
 Annabelle Skiff Ultralight Sailboat  
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John Guider has covered something like 6,000 miles of the Great Loop in a modified Skerry. Marian Buszko piloted his 7'6" Eastport Pram 700 miles around Florida. Scott Mestrezat paddled a stock Kaholo SUP 2,400 miles down the Missouri. Various North-easter Dorries have cruised long stretches of every coastline of the US and beyond.

Having designed all four of those boats, I've spent many hours pondering how I might optimize a small, easy to build boat just for "beach cruising." Coastal cruising in tiny boats has always been fringe but it's nothing new. We might date the invention of recreational open boat voyaging to the publication, in 1866, of John MacGregor's *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*. A gentleman cruising in an 80lb canoe just for the sport of it must have seemed like pure savagery to the Victorians. The book and its sequels were bestsellers. For a hundred years MacGregor was a primary source of inspiration to people who wanted to cruise in very small boats.

I'm not going to spend a lot of time here selling you on open boat cruising. Other writers, including MacGregor, will do a better job. Meanwhile, European style "raid" events are finally, delightfully, becoming popular in the US. More people than ever are overnighing in and out of tiny boats. By mainstream yachting standards this is still aberrant and probably always will be. I present as evidence a recent *Cruising World* magazine review that described a Beneteau 34 with its hot and cold running water as a "pocket cruiser."

Which brings us to my latest personal project in which I asked myself the question, "Just how small can we go and still have a solid camp cruiser with good sailing and rowing qualities?" The appeal of these tiny boats includes the low upfront cost, the magical way in which small boats make small voyages feel like big ones and the ability between adventures to store the boat maintenance free in the backyard or a corner of the garage. After my last personal project, a cheap little boat that was easy to use and to pack away was an imperative.

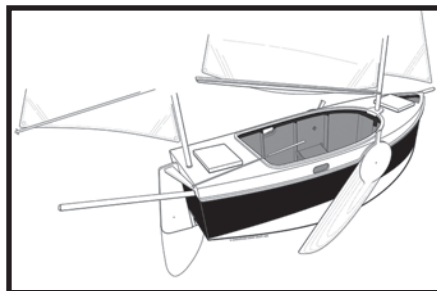
The very first priority is the ability to sleep aboard. Such accommodations should be compared not to the usual cruising yacht but to a hiker's bivouac. Just a flat place to lay down with provision for a tent to keep the rain off, nothing more. The reason this is so important is that very few coastal cruising grounds in the United States afford a place to camp ashore at small boat friendly intervals of 15 or 20 miles. The Maine Island Trail is about it, otherwise you're either trespassing or breaking National Park rules.

So I started with a 6'3" flat space for sleeping and added just enough bow and stern for good sailing lines. That brought me to 10'6", microscopic enough to make stor-

Room for someone up to 6'2" or so in the nesting version. A non nesting version gains a few inches of length in the cockpit.

## The Nesting Expedition Dinghy A Micro Cruiser Just for Fun

By John C. Harris



**Editor's Introductory Note:** In the February issue we reprinted an article by Brian Forsyth, Editor of the *Shallow Water Sailor*, about his plans for fitting out a Mirror Dinghy for minimalist camp cruising. Also in that issue was a lengthy article by John Harris of Chesapeake Light Craft about his latest design project, a 10' Expedition Dinghy. When I checked with John on reprinting this he urged me to use the latest (February) update from his website blog. So here it is:

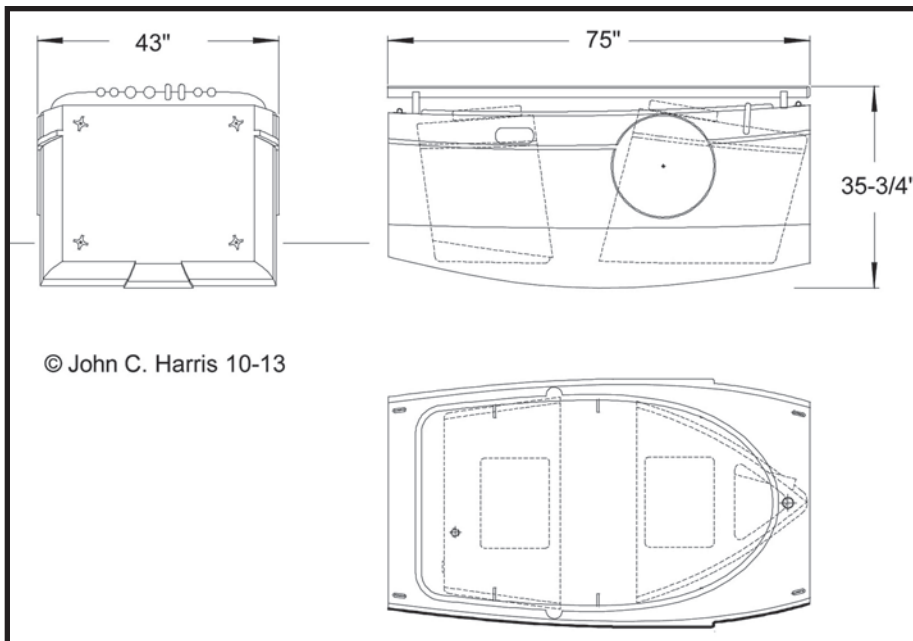
age and transport a cinch but with enough waterline to carry a heavy load without digging a hole in the water. To really test the lower bounds of storage space in a long duration camp cruiser, I made this a nesting dinghy. The bow and stern unbolt at watertight

bulkheads and store in the center section. If the spars are sleeved, in theory everything packs into a 75"x43"x36" cube. The whole unit could be stored in an apartment. Or my garden shed. It will fit through a 31 1/2" wide door and can be transported in the bed of a compact pickup truck. There are distracting daydreams about shipping the Nesting Expedition Dinghy to far off cruising grounds, like the estuaries of Britain's East Coast or the River Shannon in Ireland.

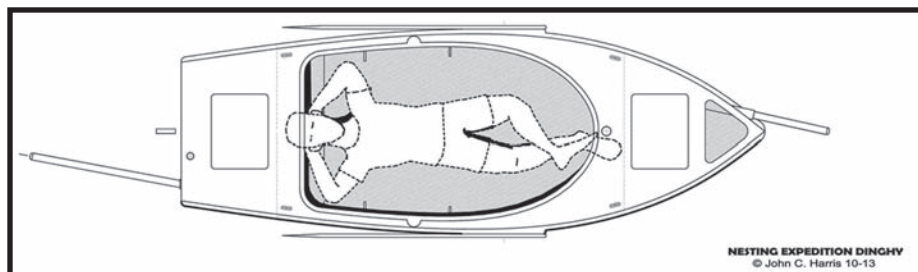
To maximize volume, stability and performance in a shrunken footprint, the hull assumes the shape of the well tested "Bolger Box." The sides are dead plumb, the transom almost square. As it sits in the shop right now, lacking the outwales, leeboard mounts and the strategic height reducing paint scheme, the thing looks monolithically wall sided. I've had to reassure my colleagues that everything will eventually fall into place with neat proportions and a satisfying look of utilitarian fitness. One is reminded of Mark Twain's remark that Wagner's music isn't as bad as it sounds.

N.E.D. (an appropriately gawky name) isn't as ugly as some views suggest. You could get to about the same place functionally with a more traditional hull design, but it wouldn't sail as well and it'd be harder to build. (NanoShip shares a very similar design brief and with elegant hull lines. But it's larger, will cost twice as much, take twice as long to build and it doesn't "nest.")

It's worth lingering over the Bolger reference for a quick primer on the advantages of these plumb sided sharpie hulls. We get strong primary stability. Since the crew will weigh nearly as much as the boat, it's helpful that wherever he or she sits, there's always some bottom beneath them. Flared sides



© John C. Harris 10-13

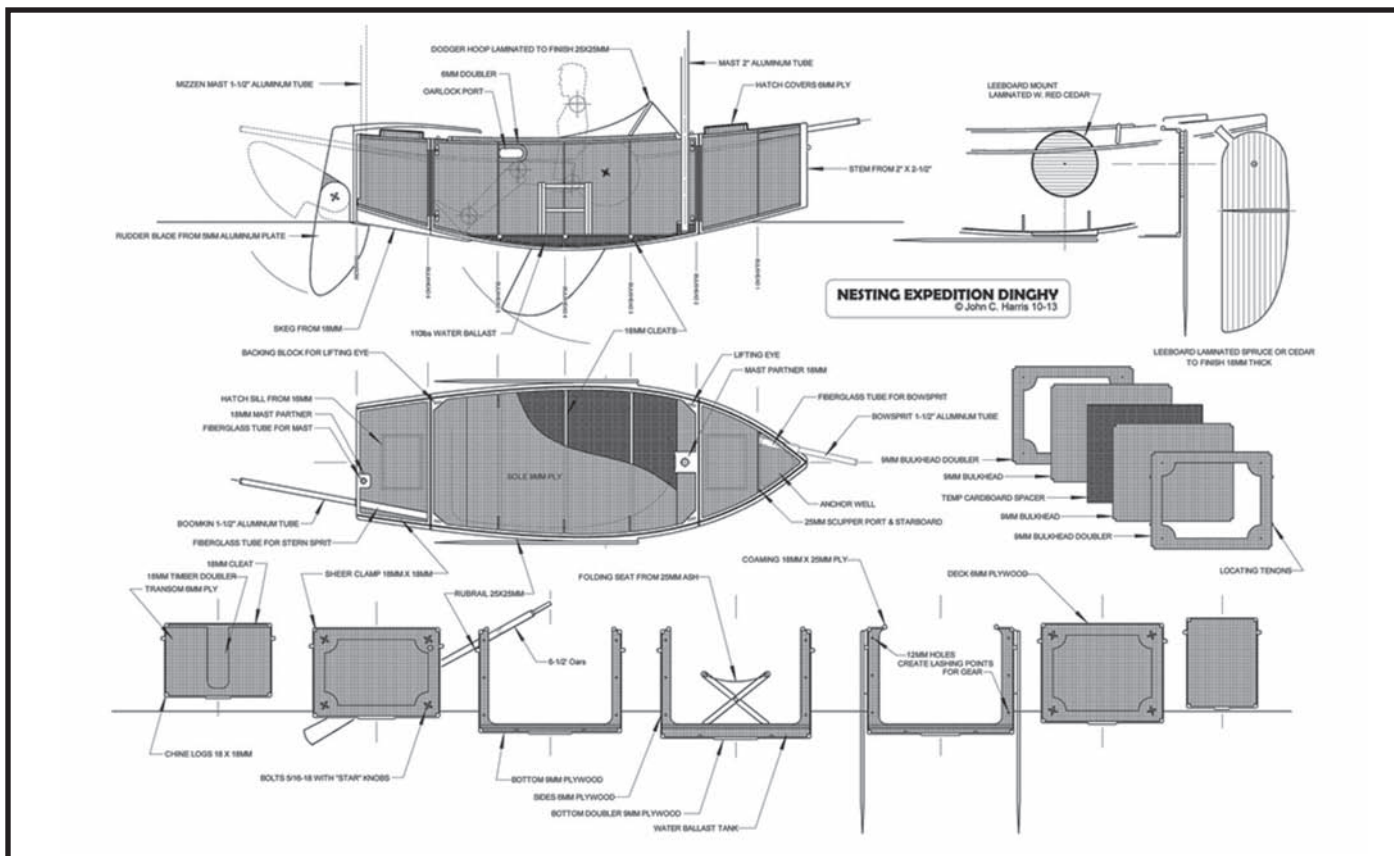


How many of these would fit into a shipping container? A fleet cruise in Brittany anyone?

would allow the crew to sit further outboard and "hike out" to resist the heeling force of the big rig.

But unless we're on the race course it's easy to forget the downside of that righting moment, sitting there applies the same leverage whether it's balanced by wind force or not. I've seen far more capsizes in boats this size





caused by the crew shifting their weight to the wrong place at the wrong moment than by wind action. By pushing the chines out to the same width as the rail, I get maximum righting moment on a given beam and the boat is less sensitive to where the crew is sitting.

(Bolger would have taken this quite a lot further. He'd have given the boat a square pram bow, maybe 15" wide. At a stroke the boat's volume is increased dramatically. So is the waterplane area, so we'd have more stability on the same length and beam and we could make the hull shallower without losing displacement. With straighter waterlines, the boat is faster in smooth conditions.

I owned a Bolger design shaped about as described, and while it sailed amazingly well most of the time, the scow like flat surfaces at the bow would pound and dig in and sometimes bring me to a halt when sailing upwind in light air and motorboat chop.

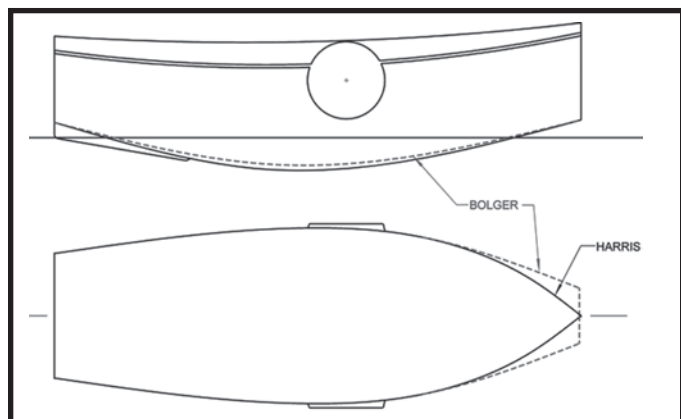
On the Chesapeake, all sailing is upwind in light air and motorboat chop. Thus I chose a pointy bow for N.E.D. In choppy conditions, a sharpie hull that's actually sharp will be easier to keep going.)

Even without the extra volume afforded by a pram bow, there's still room up forward for one of my favorite beach cruiser features, a dedicated self draining well for storing the anchor and its rode. Never will muddy water infringe on the accommodation.

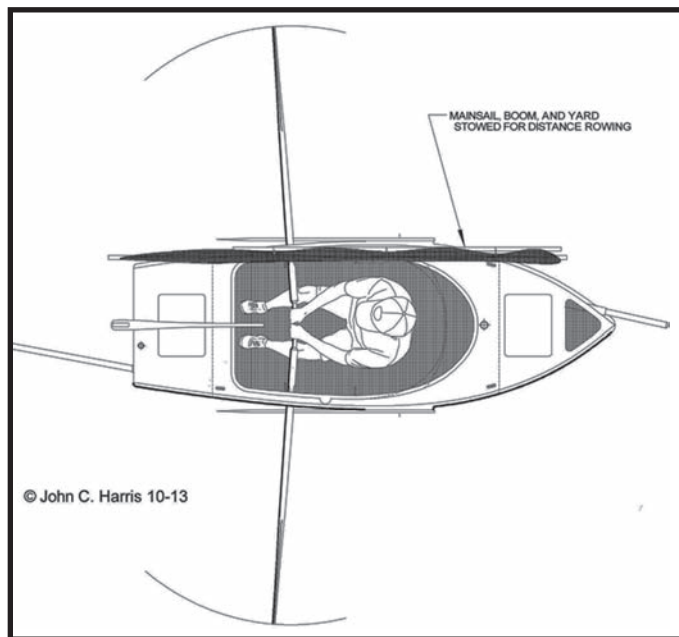
The whole middle of the boat is open space, reserve buoyancy being provided by two large watertight lockers fore and aft. Instead of a thwart, a comfortable rowing stool is nicked from Bolger (who borrowed it from Herreshoff). The seat folds

and is stowed out of the way for sailing. The oars are shipped through ports in the side. This is necessary in part because of N.E.D.'s substantial freeboard, but the main reason is that it allows us to strike the mainsail down on deck without fouling the oars. A critical tweak for close maneuvering when we need to douse sail and spring to the oars without getting tangled up.

This is one of the rare occasions when I set out to make a boat heavy on purpose. With kayak building techniques and materials, this could be an 80lb hull. It'd be fragile and very skittish under sail, however. The



Phil Bolger would have given the boat a pram bow for more volume on the same length and beam. I appreciate what that gains us but a pointy bow will be better in a chop and we'll spend less time on shore explaining why the hell our boat is shaped like that.



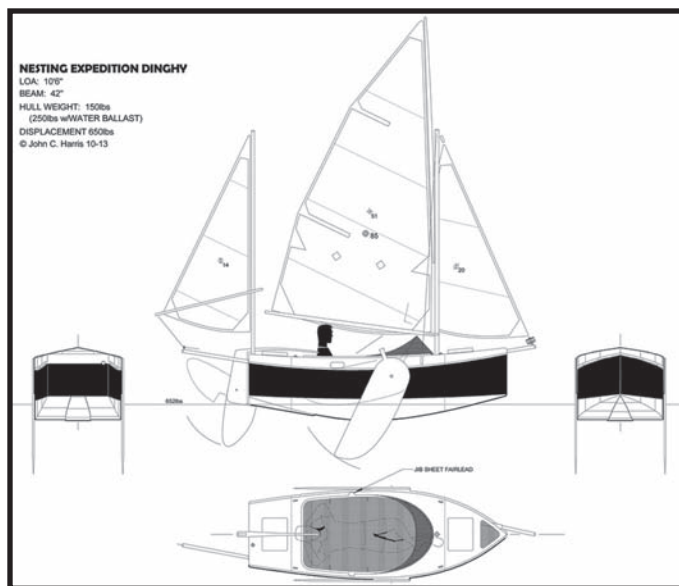
Oars rigged through ports in the sides allow the mainsail to be stowed on deck without being in the way of the oarsman.



only way to make a boat this size forgiving of inattention is to make it quite heavy. Mine is robustly constructed with a bottom that is  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick down the center, no fewer than six structural bulkheads and a heavy fiberglass sheathing. Most prominently, there's a double bottom housing about a hundred pounds of water ballast. Not enough to make this boat emphatically self righting, we're still going to need to play the mainsheet and mind the puffs. But the water ballast will settle N.E.D. down in puffy conditions and make her more relaxing to sail.

So we end up with a stripped hull weight of around 150lbs, about as much as a Sunfish. Too much for easy cartopping but still very light for moving around with a dolly or the smallest of trailers. With the hull unbolted for nesting, an ordinary hand truck will serve for shifting the boat in and out of an apartment building's freight elevator or my garden shed.

As the boat's not sailing yet, I can offer only educated speculation. While the lug rigged yawl will appeal to those in windier settings, I specified a fairly large jib headed rig for the Chesapeake's light airs. It'll be fun to play with all of those strings. Yet the rig is highly functional, offering at least seven sail combinations that can be configured in seconds to suit conditions. The hull speed is all of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots. This is moving MUCH faster than someone hiking with a backpack could maintain. And with a payload of 400lbs of crew and gear, we could carry weeks of supplies. With a little boost from waves, I'm sure the boat will exceed hull speed on a fast reach. The ability to cover 25-30 nautical miles a day opens up vast swathes of beautiful estuary cruising. When the wind dies, we can still cover ground much faster under oars than we could walking on land.

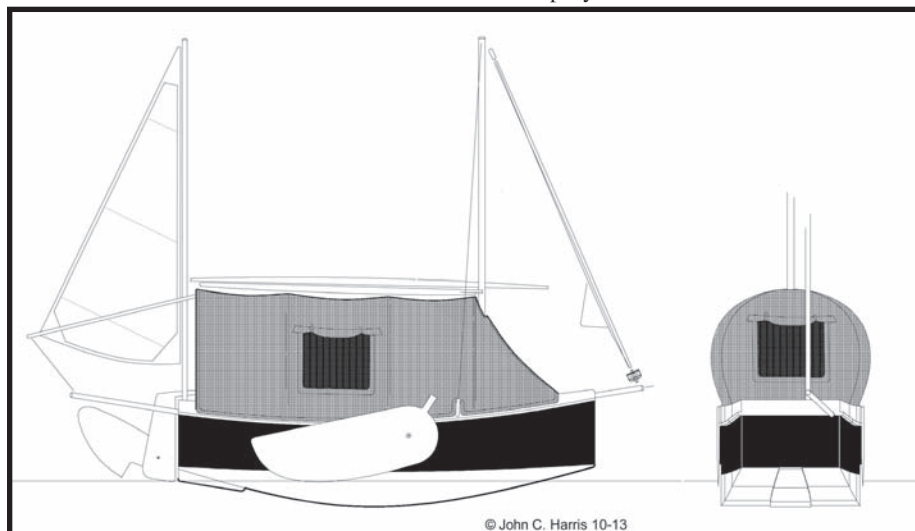


An efficient sail plan of 85sf provides plenty of horsepower. The mizzen is great for balance under sail and for holding the boat steady at anchor or while hove to.

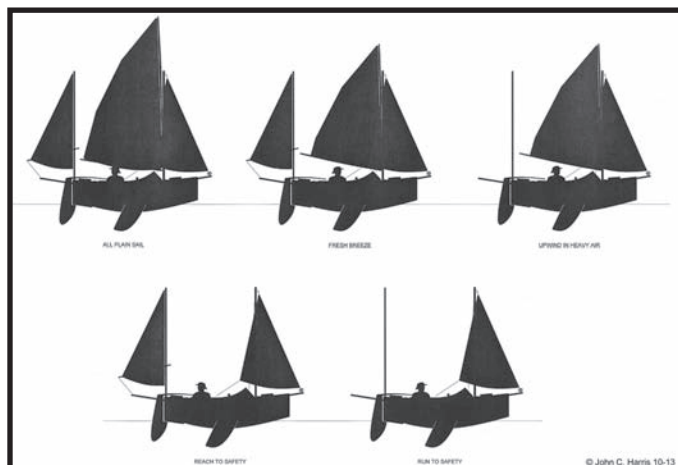
I'm not a big fan of leeboards. Surface-piercing foils are inefficient and they need to be physically large to provide the same amount of lift as the usual daggerboard or centerboard. In this case, leeboards were a given to create a roomy cockpit. The usual installation is much simpler with a rope pivot at the rail and water pressure holding the leeboard in place under sail. This is cheap

and easy to build, but leeboards rigged that way must be "tacked," just as much work as tacking the jib. I prefer the rigid, cantilevered mount shown here. It's more trouble to build, but this allows us to leave one or both boards down for short tacking. It may be found in trials that the boat does just as well with a single leeboard.

the stillness broken only by the sighing of the wind in the reeds. The nylon cockpit tent will be snapped into place and snugged down to keep out the damp and the mosquitos and the camp stove lit. With no marina bills to pay, between expeditions the skipper worries only about finding time for the next adventure and dreams idly of building a second hull so that two may cruise in company.



A cockpit tent uses off the shelf tent poles and seam sealed rip stop nylon. A simpler boom tent made from a tarp would work at a fraction of the effort and expense.

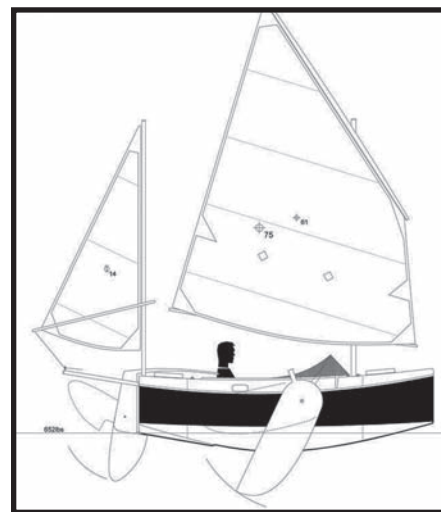


The yawl rig, with a roller furling jib and a "Solent lug" mainsail (visually almost indistinguishable from a gunter), offers numerous configurations, from speed in very light air to "jib and jigger" in a squall, to "run for cover!" under jib alone in a gale.

Compared to most small beach cruising boats I think N.E.D. will be pretty safe when it gets rough, especially in skilled hands. But it's not a keelboat. Deep water crossings would be avoided without the guarantee of good weather.

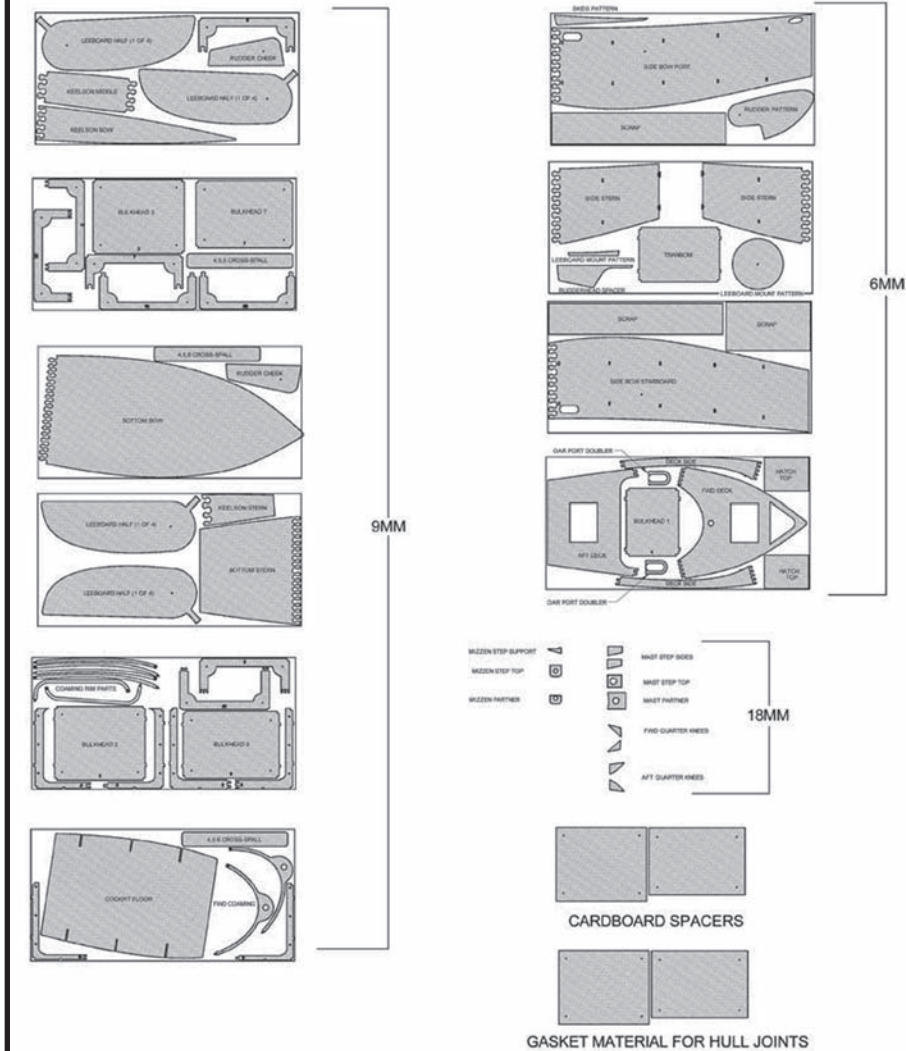
This boat's itinerary will be rivers, lakes and bays. At the end of the day we'll push far up into the marshes to drop anchor in a few inches of water. The dry and well rested skipper will lean back to take in the secluded anchorage,

If you live in windier areas or just want a simpler rig, a balanced lug mainsail and a leg o' mutton mizzen offer a lot fewer strings to pull.





NESTING EXPEDITION DINGHY CNC PARTS INDEX  
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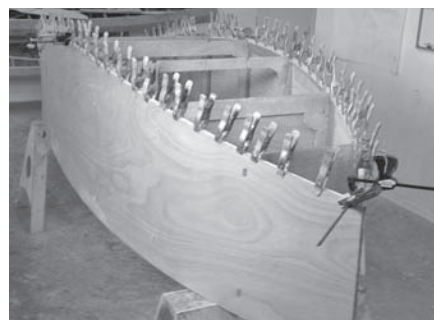


The kit comprises an impressive heap of plywood.



Luckily I have a CNC machine for all that cutting.

Construction begins at CLC by assembling the structural bulkheads. Everything in the boat is prefabricated on the bench, sealed with epoxy, then finish sanded before hull assembly.



Even the hull panels were prefinished on the bench before boat is assembled. Chine logs are being glued in here. Using chine logs rather than epoxy fillets is simpler and cheaper in this particular design.



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I did use fillets to secure the bulkheads to the sides and bottoms. Note the take apart bulkheads, with bolts already in place. The hull will be cut apart at the bulkheads quite late in construction, just before it's time to paint!



The designer sheathes the bottom in fiberglass.

With the leeboard mounts and rails in place, the boat's proportions begin to come together nicely.





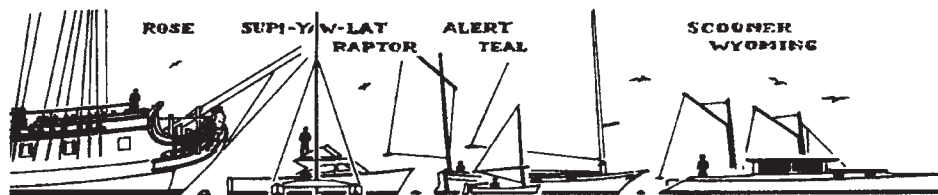
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This installment of the Chebacco-20 powerboat narrative is one of three corrections and, since touched on in February, two more potential options to go "Chebacco 20" based power boating. In the rush to get things out to the Editor, I never noticed that the stern view of Versions 2-4 were embarrassingly under developed. I caught this literally just when it was too late. Therefore, here is this odd bow and stern only sequence of all three types starting with Version 2 on top.

Now the already implied, actual waterways barely a foot's width but useful to go forward outside of the house rather than diving below and popping out of the bow hatch. And, of course, there is space for at least two cleats per side behind the deck break. Beyond that, not much more to say but for you to flip back and forth between the March and April

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #498 in *MAIB*

Chebacco Sedan Power Cruiser

Versions 2-4 Stern View Corrections  
and a Look At

Design #540 Cruising Chebacco

Design #605 Glasshouse

Chebacco

19'8"x7'5"x1'11"6"/1'7"x10/25/60hp

issues until you rapidly reach the point at which impatience sets in and you go on to read another article.

However, looking at the #540 based "Cruising Chebacco" version we did in 1997 seems more rewarding since I had mentioned it in February and since it offers another layout on which to base a pure power boat approach on, assuming you can bring yourself to ignore the rig, centerboard and that tiny outboard. Here the 6" lower original sheerline hull height, without that raised deck cuddy profile of Versions 1-4, offers a lower, in some ways sleeker, profile which also goes hand in hand with much less comfort, especially with that low and set in cuddy trunk.

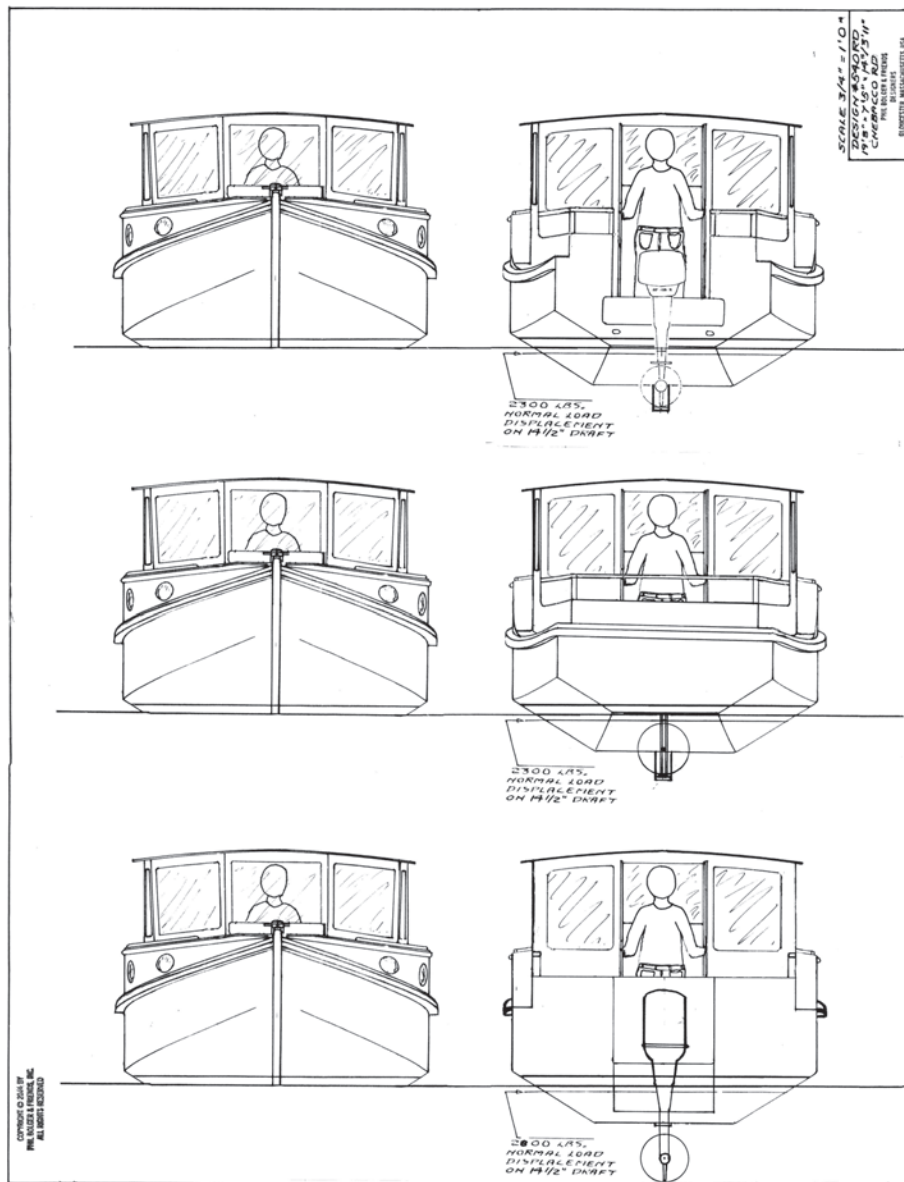
So you'll be sitting fine in the house and you'll get to sleep by worming your way onto the bunk forward, exercise and gymnastics is good anyway when cruising, or so one could claim. Now, if one were to add 6" of hull height all around, the result might still look good and be more comfortable below. But you'll also still be some 6" short of standing headroom in that modest house, assuming you'd need that. Food for thought anyway. Elements of that plan view layout could be useful adapted to the RD profile.

Likely much less known is #605, Phil did in late summer of 1993. He used the plywood double chine hull and that same cat yawl rig, but added a shallow keel to eliminate the centerboard trunk for an unobstructed interior with just over 5' of headroom, happily accepting some worse upwind pointing ability in return for a rather airy cabin, both still on modest draft. You can argue the rudder and tiller position, but since we are talking power only thinking here, eliminating the rudder, there would still be some 3' of footwell length abaft that chem-head under the bridge deck for a decent outside cockpit ahead of the outboard, assuming some more pronounced backrests. And with 6'3" cockpit bench length there is indeed comfortable outside space to lounge, if not sleep under the Milky Way.

This surely would be quite different in powerboat looks and in ergonomics than the other options so far. For mostly sailing, Phil clearly went on this design with sober functionality and focus on quite different ergonomics than on #540. For our purposes here, instead of sitting or standing at a conventional helm, we could lounge inside or out, hands on a remote control to do the steering, if not throttle as well, or just with an auto pilot engaged, keeping an eye out on what's ahead, possibly so happily surrounded by cushions, food and drink to be at risk of falling asleep. A dead man's switch perhaps of the sort locomotive drivers have to click every so often to prevent the train brakes from engaging automatically?!

Quite seriously, what some automotive engineers are currently straining over, a self driving car without a steering wheel, this is quite plausible here in conjunction with a radar and a forward looking sonar. For some, nothing new here. Only when proximity alarms go off would we stop reading that all engrossing mountaineering manual.

Next issue we'll have what I thought we might have in this one.









1492. The original *Nina*, *Pinta* and *Santa Maria* used by Christopher Columbus on his first voyage across the Atlantic were common trading vessels. The *Nina* and *Pinta* were caravels and were used by explorers during the "Age of Discovery." The *Pinta* returned home and disappeared from history without a trace but the *Nina*, now there's a woman with a past.

Built in the Ribera de Moguer, an estuary, now silted up, of the Rio Tinto, *Nina* made the entire First Voyage, bringing Columbus safely home. She accompanied the grand fleet of the Second Voyage to Hispaniola and Columbus selected her out of 17 ships for his flagship on an exploratory voyage to Cuba and purchased a half share in her. She was the only vessel in West Indian waters to survive the hurricane of 1495 and then brought back the Admiral and 120 passengers home to Spain in 1496.

She was then chartered for an unauthorized voyage to Rome and was captured by a corsair when leaving the port of Cagliari and brought to an anchor at Cape Pula, Sardinia, where she was stripped of her arms and crew. The Captain, Alonso Medel, escaped with a few men, stole a boat, rowed back to *Nina*, cut her cables and made sail. She returned to Cadiz in time to sail for Hispaniola early in 1498 as advance guard of Columbus' Third Voyage. She was lying in Santo Domingo in 1500 and we last heard of her making a trading voyage to the Pearl Coast in 1501. The *Nina* logged at least 25,000 miles under Columbus' command.

In 1988 an American engineer and maritime historian, John Patrick Sarsfield, began building what was to become the first truly historically correct replica of a 15th century caravel. John had discovered a group of master builders in Bahia, Brazil, who were still using design and construction techniques dating back to the 15th century. It was in Valenca, Brazil, using only adzes, axes, hand saws and chisels, in addition to naturally shaped timbers from the local forest, that the Sarsfield *Nina* was built.

Jonathon Nance, a British maritime historian and main researcher for the project, produced a sail plan for the ship which represents the *Nina* as she would have appeared during the eight busy years of her life following her departure from the Canary Islands in September 1492.

The *Santa Clara*, aka *Pinta*, was built in Valenca 16 years later to accompany the *Nina* on her tours of the western hemisphere. Built

## Nina and Pinta

www.ninapinat.org  
Submitted by Robert Dalley



in the same shipyard with the same shipwrights, the *Nina* and the *Pinta* are two of the greatest ships in history.

### Designers

*Nina*: John Sarsfield and Jonathan Nance  
*Pinta*: Morgan Sanger and Jonathan Nance



### Nina

Length	65'
Beam	18'
Draft	7' Draft
S" Area	1,919sf
Displacement	80 tons

### Pinta

Length	85'
Beam	24'
Draft	7'
Sail Area	4,000sf
Displacement	101 tons

### Frequently Asked Questions

**Where is the *Santa Maria*?** The Columbus Foundation does not have one for three reasons, she never made it back to Europe, she is too big to make it through the waterways these ships go through and Christopher Columbus did not like the *Santa Maria* because she was very slow and clumsy. There are no plans to build her.

**Why are your ships black?** They were covered in pine tar, a natural water resistant.

**How many were on the crews of the ships then and today?** The *Nina* had 24, the *Pinta* had 26 and the *Santa Maria* had 40. Today we have seven on the *Nina* and nine on the *Pinta*.

**How did your ships get here?** The ships have auxiliary power with the *Nina* having a single Perkins diesel engine on her port side 230hp and the *Pinta* has twin screws each 130hp.

**Who built your ships? How long did it take to build them?** They were built in Valenca, Brazil, by eighth generation Portuguese shipwrights. It took 32 months and 20 men for the *Nina* and the *Pinta* took 36 months.

**Under what conditions do your ships sail?** When there is a strong wind aft on a big body of water.

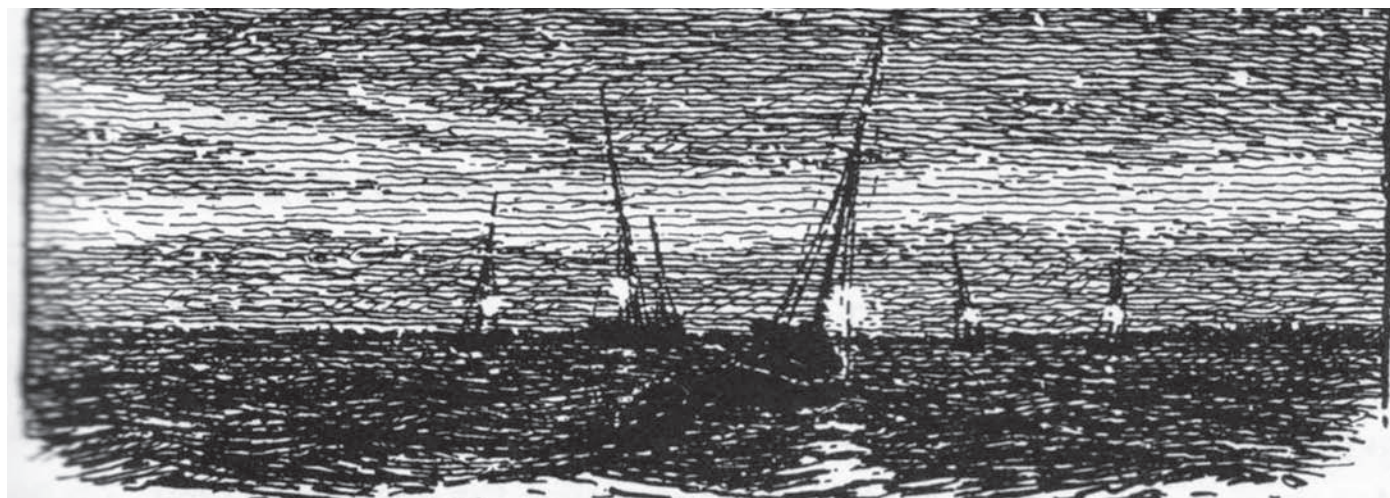
**How long was the first voyage?** A little over seven months long with the actual crossing to the Bahamas being 33 days.

**Where and when was Christopher Columbus born? Died?** Christopher Columbus was born in 1451 in Genoa, Italy. He died on May 20, 1506 in Valladolid, Spain.

**Who were the captains of the *Nina* and *Pinta*?** Brothers Martin and Vincent Pinzon who were from Palos, Spain.

**Where is the home port for the *Nina* and *Pinta* replica ships?** There is no home port for these ships because they are always moving 11 months out of the year.

**Where is the crew from?** The crew are volunteers from all over the United States and the Caribbean. The Columbus Foundation is always looking for crew. If interested, you can apply online at [www.ninapinta.org](http://www.ninapinta.org) or just talk with one of the Captains and/or 1<sup>st</sup> Mates.





We waved goodbye to *Hirado* the other day as she was towed away from her float to go to Rock Landing Marina (Panacea, Florida) to be pulled and the cutlass bearing replaced. Once that is done, the boat will go to AMIkids Panama City Marine Institute (on a trailer) for use in their work with troubled children. Of interest to me was that the propeller shaft continued to turn while the boat was being towed, even though the transmission was set for forward gear. It seems that there is some "slip" in the connection. The person on *Hirado* put a pipe wrench on the propeller shaft (inside the boat) to keep the shaft from turning. If you are towing an inboard powered boat you might want to check on such action since most transmissions depend on the flow of lubricating fluid (moved by a running engine) to protect the transmission from damage.

Once I saw a set of "half wrenches," a set of wrenches (box at one end and open at the other) that had been cut in half to allow sliding a steel pipe over the "handle" to get an extension or provide more leverage. They were very handy tools. The concept came to mind while trying to get the cutlass bearing out of *Hirado*. The boat has four bolts underneath the drive shaft that hold the rudder support. The nuts are buried in the bilge. It appears that the rudder support was bolted on (double nuts), the rudder mounted and then the propeller shaft inserted from inside the boat before the engine was installed.

Now we wanted to get the propeller shaft out of the boat to replace the cutlass bearing which will not come out otherwise unless it is cut lengthwise and pulled out in pieces. The mechanic decided to pull the rudder assembly inside the boat to see if that would make enough room to raise the rudder and then slide it down beside the support, providing room to pull the propeller shaft. The idea worked, the shaft was pulled, the cutlass bearing replaced and everything put back together.

Those of you in the New England area may already be familiar with the new VHF radio foghorn activation procedure. It seems that the moisture sensitive device used in the



past is being replaced by a user activated device. When the fog rolls in and persons on boats want to hear the foghorn, they key their VHF radio five times consecutively on the designated VHF channel. The foghorn will then sound. This approach reminds me of the radio activated airstrip lights at some airports. Everyone has gone home and when coming in for a night landing, at the appropriate distance, the pilot uses the designated radio channel to activate the landing strip lights which stay lit for a set time period.

A fuel flow meter can be purchased that gives a reading of the fuel consumption of an engine (and some also report on the amount of fuel in the tank). Another approach is to go a known distance at a fixed speed with a known amount of fuel and take a reading of how much is left when the destination is reached. Then, approximately how much fuel the engine should be burning at a given RPM (wind, wave and current not considered) can be calculated.

An article in the January issue of *Boating* by Pete McDonald includes a formula for fuel consumption estimation (p.68): Consumption equals "about 0.5 pounds of gasoline per hour for each unit of horsepower" and "about 0.4 pounds of Diesel per hour for each unit of horsepower." Gasoline weighs 6.1 pounds per gallon, Diesel weighs 7.2 pounds per gallon. In his example the author used a 115hp 4-stroke gasoline outboard:  $115 \times 0.5 = 57.5 / 6.1 = 9.4$  gallons per hour.

According to the formula, the Westerbeke 100 in *Hirado* burned about 5.5 gallons per hour:  $100 \times 0.4 = 40 / 7.2 = 5.5$  gallons per hour. However, fuel consumption with *Hirado* was about 1.25 gallons per hour at 6 knots. Maybe

if I pushed the boat to 12 knots (max speed) the consumption would have increased to the calculated amount? Or perhaps the return flow of unused Diesel to the tank messes up the calculations? Reader commentary on this subject would be appreciated.

According to a report in the January issue of *Maritime Reporter and Boating News* (p.11), another alternate fuel may be coming. We have bio Diesel and various grades of ethanol in the gasoline, now methanol is being considered as a marine fuel. Unlike LPG, methanol comes in liquid form and does not need expensive storage facilities. But according to other information on the fuel, methanol, just like ethanol, contains soluble and insoluble contaminants.

These soluble contaminants, halide ions such as chloride ions, have a large effect on the corrosiveness of alcohol fuels. Halide ions increase corrosion in two ways; they chemically attack oxide films on several metals causing pitting, and they increase the conductivity of the fuel. Increased electrical conductivity promotes electric, galvanic and ordinary corrosion in the fuel system. Soluble contaminants, such as aluminum hydroxide (itself a product of corrosion by halide ions) clog the fuel system over time.

Methanol is (in automotive terms) hygroscopic, meaning it will absorb water vapor directly from the atmosphere. Because absorbed water dilutes the fuel value of the methanol (although it suppresses engine knock) and may cause phase separation of methanol gasoline blends, containers of methanol fuels must be kept tightly sealed. I am waiting to see further developments on this alternative fuel idea.

A short item in the February issue of *Cruising World* (p.25) on keeping the anchor rode/chain off the rocks or coral may be of interest. A float is tied to the rode/chain every 20'-25' to hold the rode/chain up off the bottom. This keeps the rode/chain from snagging on the rough bottom (and protects the coral). It is the reverse of using weight to hold the rode/chain down to increase the horizontal pull on the anchor when anchoring in mud or soft sand.

## Not a good day for sunning on the foredeck!





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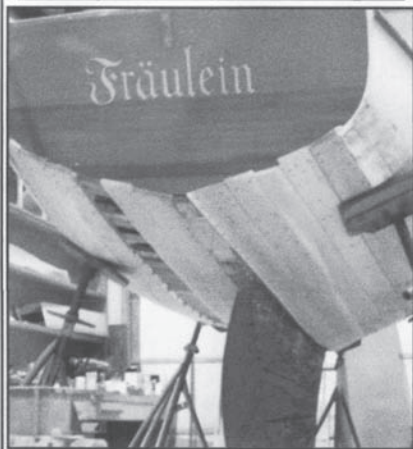
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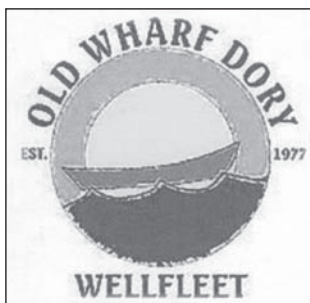
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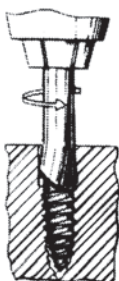
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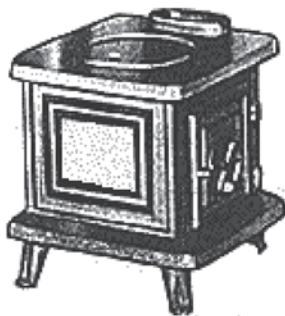
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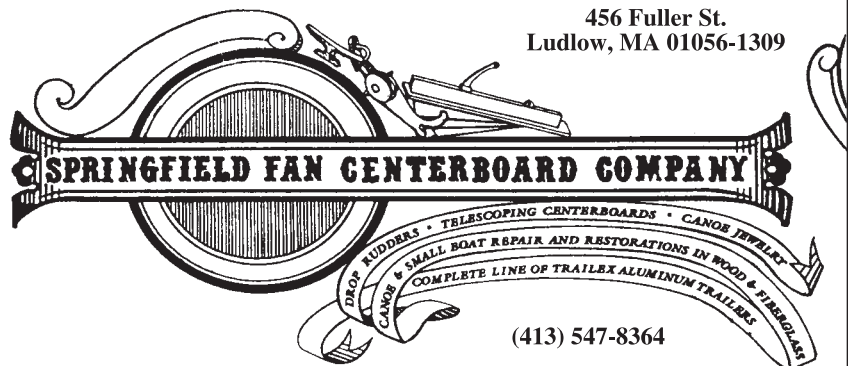
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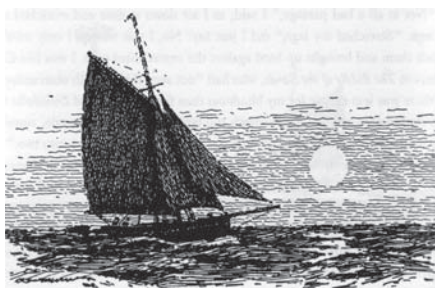
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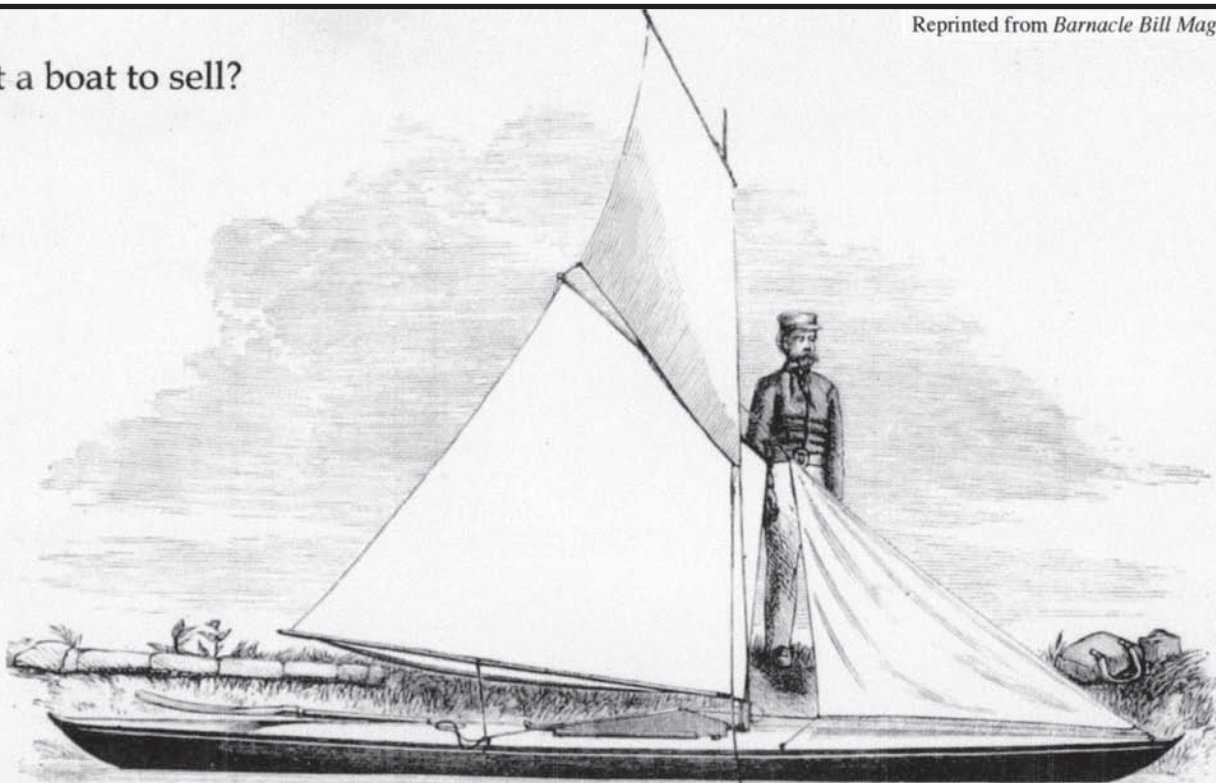
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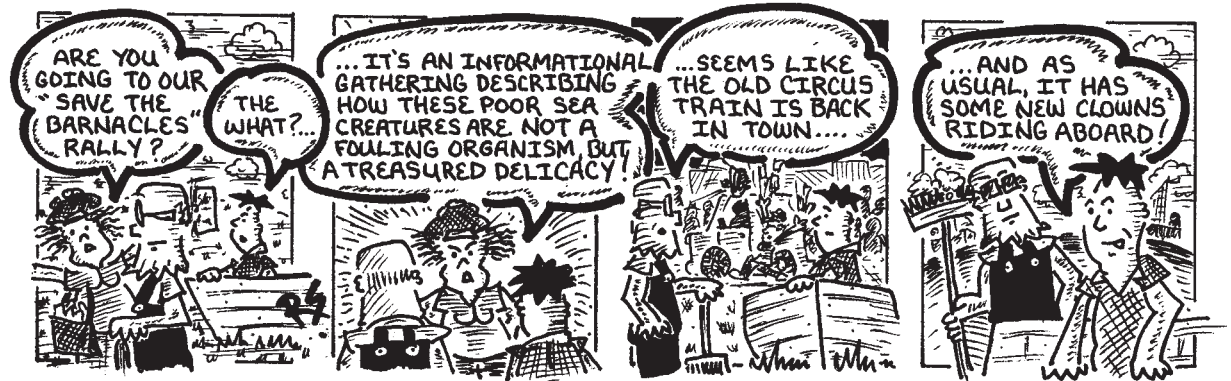
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